

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR JANUARY, 1913.

Jan. 4th.—Hunt's Cross (Hunt's Cross Hotel)	Light up 4.5 p.m.
.. 9th.—ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, ST. GEORGE'S RESTAURANT 6.30 p.m.	
.. 11th.—Moreton (Farmer's Arms)	4.15 p.m.
.. 13th.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
.. 18th.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	4.25 p.m.
.. 25th.—Warrington (Patten Arms)	4.37 p.m.
Alternative Run for Manchester Members.	
.. 11th.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	
Full Moon 22nd instant.	

Secretary's Notes.

16, CROXTETH GROVE,

LIVERPOOL.

New Members.

The following have been elected to active membership:—H. Green, Ash Lea, Park Road, Ashton-on-Mersey; E. Green, 98, Cheadle Road, Cheadle Hulme, and E. O. Morris, 56, Sudworth Road, New Brighton.

The Annual General Meeting is to take place on Thursday, 9th January, at St. George's Restaurant, Redcross Street, Liverpool, at 6-15 for 6-30 p.m. Members having any matters to bring forward must notify me at once, so that I may enter same upon the Agenda.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

MEMS.

With reference to the "Arjay" Presentation, members will be interested to hear that the Presentation is to be made at a dinner at the Gresham Hotel, Dublin, on January 4th, with Lord Northcliffe in the chair, and the Club will be worthily represented by J. D. Siddeley. In addition to the Album, the Presentation will consist of a Canteen of Silver, a silver salver, and a gold watch for Arjay, together with a Pair of Binoculars and a Tea and Luncheon Basket for Mrs. Mecredy; altogether a very handsome presentation. No doubt many of our subscribers will be sorry the venue for the function makes it impossible for them to be there, except in spirit, on such an historic occasion.

In this connection Cook has received the following personal letter from "Arjay":—

"My Dear Cook,

I noticed in the Monthly Circular a goodly list of members who have joined in the Presentation which is to be made to me on the 4th

January. Believe me I keenly appreciate such a large number of the Club members doing me this honour, and if you get the opportunity I should be greatly obliged if you would mention the fact to them."

For Sale:—A first class Motor-car, 20 h.p., slightly bent. "owing to motor-cars being the only vehicle compelled to show a red rear light." Can be inspected at Arr:npees.—Apply Fred. G.—K. 4.313 c/o. Editor.

A Review of the Annual Open "100."

It is rather a curious fact that no one has ever committed to the pages of the Circular, peculiar happenings that connect themselves with our great open event, I mean apart from the usual account of the race itself; the fact that Charles Moss again made fastest time, or that the weather was all that could or could not be desired, as the case may be, or that the feeding was well carried out but not always well carried in, or by, certain of the competitors, are all very interesting details, and so are lists of the times done; but there are some things even more interesting than these, if you will take the trouble to look into them. Let me take you with me in my thoughts for a little while and I will try and explain to you what I mean. But we must begin at the beginning, and that is, of course in Shrewsbury on the evening before the race, when the awful sanctity of the sleepy old town is every now and then threatened with dreadful shocks, but nothing really bad comes of it all, nothing more than the cheery greetings of Northerner and Southerner are heard as we saunter along, keeping our weather eye lifting for familiar faces and badges. They are all there. clubmen from North, South, East and West; good riders, bad riders and indifferent riders, all engrossed with to-morrow's great event. What a tremendous crowd of Londoners there seems to be about the place; everywhere, in pubs and out of them, we can detect the dialect of the Metropolis. Scraps of conversations reach us, all centreing on racing, courses, tyres, machines, and chances of certain fancied men doing good rides or making fastest time on the morrow. I have heard our course described as one of the best, two minutes after it had been eternally branded as one of the worst in the Kingdom, and one bright youth from London summed it up as follows. "My eye, Worlter, but it's a fair corker, not to mention that larst bit, up the Rock'all, it's a rarsper that is, not 'arf." "I kneows it," says another, "'aven't I been a-doin' of it this larst five year, an' wot price old Merlin, of the Poly.? 'e went it twice 'e did, arter 'e'd mide farstest time." Bath Roaders, you'll generally find at that eminently respectable pub, the "Crown;" North Roaders and Anfielders, you'll always find mixed up at the "George."

Ah, there is an air of freedom about this old hostelry, once you get rid of the locals at something after 10 p.m., perhaps Miss Pugh can explain it, who knows; anyhow it's there and a good job too, for there is nothing like a crusty manager or manageress for spoiling a week-end. But we must be up and doing for is it not 7.30 a.m. on a certain Whit-Monday, and a glorious Spring morning too? also in an hour or so we must push off for the start, and as we thread our way through the motley crowd of clubmen, some competitors, some helpers, while others are merely interested spectators, and as we traverse those well-known three miles, let us examine this heterogenous mass of speedmen. Note our friend in the well worn, much darned tights and once black alpaca jacket, now green with age, and soiled with much use, and who is this fellow with the long black hair, haggard of mien and looking as though he had passed a restless night in a dark, dank wood? Who also is our youthful friend barging past at evens, aint he full of energy this bright morning? Ah, my lad, you'll ride a lot faster over these three miles than you will over most of the next hundred; at least so we imagine. Thus we while away the time and draw alongside an individual who confides to us that unless he gets that egg and tea at Shaw-birch second time, he'll be as good as dead meat; and he has never done inside 5.50 for a "100" in his life. We arrive at the start at last and have just twenty minutes to spare before treking to our checking place, so let us see if the crowd are just as dense (in more ways than one) as in

former years and are they at their old game of allowing each starter and the timekeeper, as little room as possible to breathe in. Yes, they are at it again, but Harry gets the men away in marvellous manner, and finding that our twenty minutes are up, away we go for our checking place, noting, as we wend our way through other checks, that all the old things are happening as they did in former years at those points. And so the "100" comes and goes, and if you have never been "left over" to stay the night by yourself after the event, don't do it, because it feels—Oh, so lonely. But if you do, and persist in pursuing this malice to yourself a little further, and next day visit the scene of yesterday's struggle, trying to conjure up visions of what was going on here, or who was leading there, don't, for pity's sake go near Water's Upton or Hodnet Corner or Grudgington, for the silence will drive you mad, and you will probably find yourself clasping the neck of a broken ginger beer bottle to your tormented breast, the while you gasp out in a choking sob, "Alas! alas! poor reminder of a glorious day, at least you did your whack in the open '100'" Then you will wake up, heave the wretched thing into a field and go and have half a pint of the best at the "Swan."

E.A.B.

RUNS.

Warrington-Congleton, November 23rd and 24th.

Although the weather was fine the roads were very greasy in places, and a muster of 22 cyclists and three railway tourists was eminently satisfactory and showed the popularity of the Patten Arms. Of course the main feature of this fixture was the week-end run into East Cheshire, and it is exceedingly to be regretted that we cannot find accommodation that is satisfactory to everybody. East Cheshire is most delectable country, but unfortunately there is only one "possible" Hotel at Congleton. True, it has its failings, but nothing is perfect in this world. After tea the seven week-enders, Toft, Cohen, Dick and Jack Seed, Lochroy, Lord Hawkes and Cook set off for the East escorted by Turner and Webb (tandem) and Green on his "bunch of golf sticks tied together!" But before Latchford, Tommy foundered on a beautiful carpet nail, which stabbed several million holes in his Cambridge, and a long delay ensued, owing to the "refuse" Tommy regards as a repair outfit! The job had to be done a second time with real rubber, and finally we got on with it. Meanwhile Cohen and Toft thought we had gone round by Stockton Heath and were in front, as they had been shut out at Latchford, so they scrapped after us who were in reality behind, and we never saw them until we reached Congleton, although they had stopped at Holmes Chapel to look for us. It was a glorious night, but the wind and heavy roads told their tale. Turnor, Webb and Green escorted us very gently to Toft Corner, but after they left us we had no shelter, and across Rudheath if any highwayman on ancient days had appeared he would have had a soft job! On turning at Holmes Chapel the wind was kinder, and in due course Congleton was reached, and a ripping supper done full justice to. Although it was "after eleven" there was no advance in the usual prices, and a merry time was spent around the fire, Cohen providing a surprise as a pianist, and Dick Seed warbling coon songs—until the time had fully come. Sunday turned out a grand day, and after Cohen had invested in a Pericles from our old friend Banks, "Mr. Mullins" and Webb rejoined us, and escorted us first to Havannah, the deserted village, which was thoroughly inspected with great interest, and several week-end cottages booked. Thence we proceeded to Gawsworth with its quaint skull

and crossbones gate-posts to the Church yard, and Maggoty Johnson's grave. The inscription on the grave is now getting very difficult to read, so it may be as well to record here the main inscription as follows:—

X
Under this Stone
Rest the remains of Samuel Johnson,
Afterwards ennobled with the grander title of
Lord Flame,
Who, after having been in his life distinct
from other men,
By the eccentricities of his Genius,
Chose to retain the same character after his
death,
And was at his own desire buried here
May the 5th, 1773. Aged 82 years.

In addition to this there are some verses characteristic of the man, for Johnson was an oddity in every way—a dancing master, poet, musician and actor, who desired to be buried thus away from the Churchyard by the cross roads so that at the Resurrection some old woman (he had a peculiar aversion to old women) would not be quarrelling with him concerning the property of a leg or thigh bone. He was given the name of "Lord Flame" as that was the character he played in the singular play he wrote called "Hurlothrumbo or the Supernaturals," and which, with an epilogue of Byron's, was produced at the Haymarket Theatre in 1722. From Gawsorth we proceeded to Marton and Redesmere, which looked entrancing in the brilliant sunshine, and in due course reached Knutsford for dinner at the George. With the tandem still piloting us we resumed for Tabley, Pickmere, Great Budworth and Little Legh, where the tandem turned back, and then at Acton Bridge Cohen and Toft turned off for Runcorn. The remaining five proceeded to Crowton, Hatchmere, Mouldsworth and Tarvin, and only had to light up at Vicars Cross, arriving at the Talbot almost simultaneously with Bently and McCann, so we were again seven for tea. Here the week-end party practically broke up as the two members of the House of Lords took the bottom road, and sampled Lockroy at Little Sutton, while the other three, very nicely paced by Mac and Bentley, proceeded to Hinderton, near which Jack Seed's tyre expired, and involved a roadside repair. Cook had also punctured with a thorn, but it was a well behaved one, and only required inflating at the regulation stops, although he found his tyre too soft to stick the wicked pace Bentley set up down Lever's new road, but with Mac turning off for the Tunnel, Evan's Hill was surmounted "quietly," and the week-end, which had proved so enjoyable, came to an end as all such things must do.

"Waiting up for Timbertiles" was the motto at the Lion and Swan, but he came not; and next morning a post card message arrived as follows: "Sorry could not get away in time to join you and hope you are all having a good time." It was our loss, Timber, but we did have a good time, thanks.

Near the Waggon and Horses Doctor Cohen's lamp and front tyre expired, and while riding up to overtake Toft he fell into the clutches of the Law. The local "tin-ribs" could not understand why the lamp was stone cold, but was very decent about it, and on Sunday morning met the Apostle and repeated the doubts he had as to the lamp having "only just gone out," but Uncle carefully explained that Anfielders used only high class gas lamps with such a fine system of water cooling that they never got hot, and P.C. 4 swallowed the yarn,—hook, bait and sinker.

At the Talbot there took place some startling operations in high finance! First of all a job lot of cigarettes "for corner sewers" were being sold off at a penny a box "for account of whom it may concern," and were eagerly snapped up by the party. Notwithstanding the cork and gold tips, the reason for the forced sale was soon discovered, but we hear that Dick Seed unloaded his line on unsuspecting "friends" at the small profit of 300 per cent! The second operation consisted of paying 1/7½ to Sombra, and a week later receiving a fountain pen "with 20 gold pen nibs you can

sell to your friends at a penny each," together with 16 coupons for fountain pens at 1/7½ each which you collect from your friends, and when you have found the mugs you receive a gold watch or a bracelet! The result is you get a fountain pen and a gold watch or bracelet for nothing! It sounds a bit involved, but Bentley can explain.

Hinderton, November 30th.

The time when the country looks lovely after a fall of snow seems to be getting closer to-day. Rumour has it that there are polite and other members of the Club. Was it the slight extra covering on the ground that made the machines run so silently or did those pedestrian fellows want more of the road than enough? We had quite a good muster, twenty-five, twenty-three in the lower and two in the upper house. The Mullah and his friends had encountered several hailstorms, etc., on the way, and so were a little outside schedule. They were given a table to themselves, but, as the prophets say, "One cannot have everything," and they missed the cheese cakes. Had they known of the fierce "scrap" between two of "ours" they would have congratulated themselves on having anything at all.

Teddy Edwards and Cody made the journey via Warrington, and Uncle and Dick Seed were scouting round Kelsall on a tandem for the Manchester contingent, but did not get in touch with the enemy. Bentley and his engineer did West Kirby, etc., on the T. Trike en route, and were very nearly "done over" by a mixed tandem.

After tea the usual separations had to take place, but Bentley found time to exploit his "Sombra" fountain pen, with its sixteen changeable gears, but there was nothing doing. Uncle and Co. went round West Kirby on the way home and regret that the T. Trike crew missed Kenny's rendering of "Casey Jones," at Moreton. There was a very pleasant evening being held at the Farmers'.

Hunt's Cross, December 7th

A typical, if not ideal, winter afternoon, dull and threatening, with a shower between five and six o'clock, which was heavy enough to compel the later arrivals to don their capes. The energetics appeared to have endeavoured to tap as many districts as possible. Cody had a trip, alone I believe, round Rainford, Cook and Dick Seed did the regulation tour round the earth, followed by Jack Seed, who never quite caught them. He however caught a brick with his front wheel when negotiating the race track in the dark, happily with no serious ill effect. Another party arrived via Chester, Kelsall and the Transporter, while the Poole car were lane exploring Warrington way. Three Manchester men were out, L. Oppenheimer, "The Mullah" and H. Green, the two latter riding both out and home, taking Cohen as usual back with them.

In all, 39 sat down to tea, including three visitors, and with Knipe—who arrived just as the meal was finished and a friend of his, Mr. Mann, of whom more anon—we numbered 41 all told.

While Knipe and Co. had tea downstairs George Mercer started the ball rolling by asking Messrs. Simpson to give us a duet—violin and piano. They played some selections from Faust and, in response to our demand for an encore, Gounod's "Ave Maria." Then Chem the evergreen obliged, in his inimitable style with "Coming Home" and "Pardonnez Moi." Next Mr. Mann, who by this time had ascended to the Upper House, sang a capital song—"The Blue Dragoons," and as an encore "My Little Grey House in the West." We then were favoured with an unusual item—a trio—"The Cradle Song," by Messrs. Simpson (violin and piano) and Chem (mandoline). Another rollicking song by Mr. Mann, "Five and Twenty Sailormen," and then Blackburn sang his only song of the evening, "King Charles." Why he would not oblige with an encore or sing again later I don't understand, as it is a capital song and his rendering of it I am sure must have satisfied even Cecil himself—and we have no keener musical critic among us. Then Knipe, who had made himself responsible for the evening's entertainment, recited "The Irish Fire Brigade" and another humorous thing about a Cockney's "Bank 'Olidiy," and we

enjoyed both—NOT 'ARF- Then more songs by Mr. Mann and Chem, the former of whom blamed Mendelssohn for the authorship of nearly all his songs, including "The Bell(e)s of Ely" (which was specially asked for by some who remembered hearing him sing it at a previous Hunts Cross run), and several songs of Somersetshire, which he rendered in dialect like a native. At nine o'clock the motorists and a few of the train party departed, but a larger number than usual, including those who had so far and so well entertained us, remained for the Second House. I heard that one or two men who assert they can't sing had brought songs, but we could not persuade them to make their initial appearance before such a large audience, and as a consequence the willing horses had again to set to. The remaining hour passed all too quickly with violin solos by Mr. Simpson, mandoline solos and monologues by Chem, and songs by Mr. Mann, who is a host in himself; he accompanied all his songs himself. As a wind-up he gave us a surprise turn, reciting splendidly "The Bells," an ambitious recitation which suited his sonorous voice, and "That Baby of Mine." After singing together "Auld Lang Syne," we all departed our various ways at various speeds, satisfied that we had had one of the best concerts of the many we have held at Hunts Cross. Our thanks are due to Knipe, who, notwithstanding the many other calls on his services, still can make time to do something for the A.B.C.

Warrington, December 14th.

As you enter from the Cheshire side and look over the bridge at the dirty black waters, who could have thought that the fishing in the Mersey at Warrington 150 years ago was worth £400 per annum and that they caught fine salmon close to the bridge. In 1648 the Scotsmen were beaten and sent home. It was only in 1760 that the main road through Prescott and Rainhill was made to Liverpool; before that there was only a bridle path to Warrington.

On arriving at the yard of the Patten Arms, we found the Manchester contingent had just arrived, the Tandem having taken charge of Grimshaw, who, by the way, had to borrow an ancient crock with a very high handle bar and a narrow one at that. Result—He had to stand a few remarks on the way, "Oh Heck! look at that fellow trying to keep up with them racers, etc." Two of our new members, the Green Brothers, L. Oppenheimer, Boss Higham and Buckley made up the number to eight, quite a credit when we remember what a wet district they live in. Having joined the Festive Board we found the Liverpool members, all with one or two exceptions, having come on the wheel; this made the number up to 24. Our President and Captain got to work on the joints, and the menu was quite up to the standard. Tea over, Bentley and James adjourned for a game of Billiards. The rest of us discussed several topics, cycle chains being one of them. After Cook, Oppenheimer, Mullah and the Boss had held forth, the verdict was that they do not make the chains they did ten years ago, but pardon the writer when I say it is not the manufacturers' fault. The public want a cheap machine and so they have to meet the demand. We who are older know the difference. After a little more smoke and chat, a move was made for home, for Tommy was missing to entertain us with a few Facts.

May I say a few words re the A. G. M. I have noticed a falling off in the attendance of late years. I appeal to all members living within a reasonable distance to change this and let their loyalty to the old Club be felt by attending on the 9th of next month, and show their appreciation to the officers for their services in carrying on the work of the Club during the past year and to thank those that still uphold the A.B.C. on the road and their helpers.

Lastly, let us bury and forget the little differences that have arisen of late. Looking back on the glorious history of the Club for the past 33 years, let there be a greater fellowship and so try to make the future of the Club more glorious still.

C. J. C.

S. J. BUCK,
Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

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MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR FEBRUARY, 1913.

Feb. 1st.—Hunt's Cross (Hunt's Cross Hotel)	Light up. 5.52 p.m.
.. 8th.—Moreton (Farmers' Arms)	6.6 p.m.
.. 10th.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
.. 15th.—Chester (Talbot) and WEEK-END to Hawkstone Park	6.20 p.m.
.. 22nd.—Warrington (Patten Arms)	6.34 p.m.
March 1st.—Newburgh (Red Lion)	6.47 p.m.

Alternative Runs for Manchester Section.

Feb. 8th.—Mobberley (Roebuck).

March 1st.—Marton (Davenport Arms).

Full Moon 21st instant.

16, CROXTETH GROVE,

LIVERPOOL.

Secretary's Notes.

At the January Committee Meeting—

The RESIGNATION of Mr. L. Band was accepted with regret.

The following were appointed DELEGATES to THE R.R.A.:—W. P. Cook and H. W. Keizer. To THE N.R.R.A.:—C. H. Turnor and the Hon. Secretary.

The following were appointed a HANDICAPPING and COURSE COMMITTEE:—W. P. Cook, E. Edwards, W. R. Toft, C. H. Turnor and the Hon. Secretary.

S. J. Buck was re-elected EDITOR of the Circular.

It was decided to alter the last part of PRIZE RULE No. 9, making making it read "Gold Medal, from Club Die, shall be awarded for Standards in 12 Hours for Standard D. and upwards, for 24 Hours for Standard E. and upwards."

Mr. Blackburn has undertaken to look after the Entertainment at the next Hunts Cross fixture, on the 1st February.

Your attention is particularly called to the WEEK-END Run on 15th February, from the Chester Run. Please let me know that you intend to be present.

New Addresses.

Lawrence Fletcher, The Hurst, Coolhurst Road, Crouch End, London, N.; L. G. Fletcher, The Hurst, Coolhurst Road, Crouch End, London, N.; F. Roskell, 20, Russian Drive, Stonycroft, Liverpool; H. Roskell, 1, Courtenay Avenue, Waterloo, Liverpool; W. R. Toft, Maywood, Southbank Road, Cressington.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

MEMS.

A prominent civic official of Belfast—to wit, the Lord Mayor—when distributing the prizes at the smoking concert and prize distribution of the Ulster Centre of the Motor-Cycle Union at Belfast, made the following remarks:—"Motor-cycling was a sport that called for the exercise of high mental and physical qualities. Meetings like this tend to the cultivation of a higher type of humanity and the highest sporting qualities." Ye Gods! Should you care to see specimens of this "higher type of humanity" of "high mental and physical qualities" go to Hinderton on Sundays, but **DO NOT PICK A DAY WHEN THERE IS ANY SNOW ABOUT, NO MATTER HOW LITTLE, AND DO NOT GO WHEN IT IS WET**, for then these men of "high mental and physical qualities" likewise this "higher type of humanity" with such "high sporting qualities" will not be found there, but sitting shivering round their own firesides.

To my fellow members,—

I desire to thank you all for the honour you have done me by electing me to the position of Captain. I suppose this is the first time in the club's history that the Captain has not resided in the Liverpool area, and for that reason the honour is all the greater. The position of my residence will add to my difficulties and prevent me from doing all I should have wished, but with the help of my two Liverpool Sub-Captains and your help these difficulties should be overcome. I can assure you that I will do whatever I can to uphold the honour and prestige of the good old club.

It is a great hope of mine that during the coming year we may become "one happy family," and that though some differences on club policy may exist they will not in any way affect our personal relationship. I shall continue to treat my opponents to the same "loving hate" as in the past and I hope even my "dearest enemy" will not think any the worse of me for doing so.

No captain can be successful without proper support, and I ask for such support feeling sure that it will be freely given. It is possible to make our races, tours and runs more successful than last year, and with your help we will do so. Though my own racing career is over I shall do whatever I can to help those who are racing and shall be pleased to give them such advice as is within my power.

I appeal to Manchester members to make a special effort in order to show their appreciation of the honour conferred upon them by having one of their number promoted to the Captaincy.

Yours etc.,

C. H. TURNOR.

Annual General Meeting, January 9th.

The President being absent, Mercer took the chair and opened the meeting about 6.45 p.m. In the expectation of ballot voting on the propositions on the Agenda, H. M. Buck and Sunter were appointed scrutineers. The minutes of the last Annual General Meeting having been duly passed, Mac. read his report for 1912, from which we learned—that the average attendance had been only 23.83—that Bentley and Cohen had won the attendance prizes—that Cook and Toft had not missed a run—that only 9 names figured in the prize list, which Grimshaw headed—that one record, the T. Trike 12 hours, had come our way—etc., etc. The report was adopted unanimously and then Billy Owen told us that our balance in hand at the year-end was £42, as against £31 a year ago. This statement passed, the usual Subscriptions and Entrance Fee were agreed to, -

Bentley's proposition was lost, as were also those of H. W. Keizer, Turnor, Cook and Jones.

The next business—Election of Officers—took quite some time and the usual interval, while the committee votes were counted, had to be dispensed with. Eventually the following were elected. President D. R. Fell; Vice Presidents, Edwards and Mercer; Captain, Turnor; Sub-Captains, Cohen and Stephenson; Treasurer, Knipe; Secretary, McCann. Also, to serve on the Committee, S. J. Buck, Cook, H. W. Keizer, Owen, Royden, J. Seed, R. P. Seed and Toft. Auditors, C. J. Conway and D. C. Rowatt.

The Racing Programme is the same as last year, and as usual, a £3 3/- prize is offered to encourage aspirants to Records. Easter is to be spent at Bettws, being proposed by C. J. Conway of course. Aberystwith for the all-night ride, and Ireland for August Bank Holiday week-end were agreed to without dissent. Cook announced that Del Strother again offered his prize for the best performance by one of ours in the "100," and the meeting closed at 10.58 p.m. with the customary votes of thanks. About 35 members were present at the commencement, the total number with later arrivals being 38.

RUNS.

Chester, December 21st.

It did not happen in 1911 and it only happened once in 1910, and naturally the excitement was intense. There are rumours that it may happen more frequently in the future, and the scribe for one sincerely hopes so. Of course you don't understand all this do you? The reason is

Tierney attended a club run.

This unusual occurrence has so interfered with the usual calm and even tenour of our ways and has effected the writer so much that it is with difficulty that he can get down to ordinary facts.

Some six and twenty members sat down to tea at the Talbot to devour the repast provided by Host Bates, they having arrived by devious roads and lanes. Some went by the top road, some by the bottom road and some by more circuitous routes. Teddy Edwards went—no you are wrong if you think it was Llandegla—Teddy went via Cuddington. Cook might have gone to Llandegla, but instead of doing so he, escorted by Johnny Band, Tommy Royden and Dick Seed, journeyed out to Duddon to meet the Manchester section. The latter party consisted of our new enthusiast Green, piloted by the Mullah through a lane route. The state of the roads and lanes interfered so much with the progress of these two that Cook and Co. departed for Chester before their arrival at Duddon.

It had been hoped that the record of the past few weeks—or is it months—would have been broken and that all the members would arrive home without rain. Such was not the case because though the weather had been on its best behaviour all day the writer had to use his cape for the last few miles.

Knutsford, December 26th.

Many of'em, and the same to you. 'Twas Boxing Day in the Anfield (not the Workhouse). The noble Tavern and Tank were full to overflowing. Tom Conway was there from Bristol, and Timbertiles from Leicester (but both in long trousers). Et tu Mullah! Carpenter, who had trodden on it from Brum, complained slightly, though politely, of the damp atmospheric conditions. Yet he smiled! The great surprise was the state entry of Frank Roskell (the Turkish Ambassador), who had done an extensive tour per cycle. He also smiled and put terror into the hearts and faces of the would-be scrappers by announcing his intentions of riding in the first "50" (providing he can get down his weight by five stone).

Charlie Conway we hear absolutely put it through the Warrington Contingent. Literally left them standing (or was it sitting). It's those Y.'s and W.'s that do it. Harry Poole's Pantechnicon was full to the roof, but in spite of such counter attractions the cyclists were in the majority easily. The Manchester representatives were in full force, comprising The Boss and Norman per twicer, Crowcroft, two Greens, Buckley, Lowcock, and the Mullah in a CAR and TROUSERS (neither of which has he ever been seen in before).

"The Up in the morning early friends" via Broad Green and Warrington consisted of Mac., Cook and Lochroy. Stephenson was found at "Willis' Wall" and the Skipper dug out of the Patten Arms. Here the Greater Seed also caught up with the Party and reported Charlie Conway in the offing. But he did it on them, and the "Doing-over Syndicate" are now canvassing him strongly.

To get back to Knutsford. Top of the bill of course was the "Tuck-in," which was up to the usual Boxing Day standard. Then followed a couple of short and sweet orations from the Boss and the Resurrection (Frank Roskell), to be concluded by the toasting (not literally) of the Boss. The culprits of this conglomeration of misleading statements plead for mercy should any of the aforementioned or aftermentioned accusations prove to be terminological inexactitudes.—Q.E.D.

The conversation at last turned to the prehistoric Greeks, not before, however, a fierce battle had raged as to what was a 1 in 1 gradient.—See next week's "Weldon's Journal" for correct answer.

Somebody suddenly discovered he had a home, and after a lot of sorting out, Carpenter was pushed off at 3 p.m. (not m.p.h.) amidst thousands of cheers, for Birmingham. The Motorists (including the Mullah) started the touch and go business in the yard without incident, barring the losing of Jimmy Williams and George Poole, who were last seen by us doing evens out of the yard (per 2 Shanks' Power).

The Swift Nicks, via Chester, went next, leaving Lock Roy in difficulties with his pushers off. I suppose you never saw 'em again till Chester, eh Thomas. Better join the "D. O. S."

By this time there was only a small party left in the "Salon à Boire," which was made smaller still by the two Greens and Crow clearing off to the Whipping Stocks for tea. The ball was kept rolling steadily and soberly until about 7 p.m., when, the Turkish Ambassador having been again introduced, a start was actually made. Stephenson and Cohen reached the Kilton for tea cheerful but knackered after their long ride (Oh, we hard-riding Anfielders). The Resurrection was determined to ride to Warrington and he and Teddy Worth were last seen doing evens towards that place. So came to a close another Boxing Day Run, and a jolly good one too. There were 35 out, including I think, one visitor.

Teddy Edwards was early for the first time since '41.

Helsby, December 28th.

The new venture at the Railway Inn was very successful, and everyone appeared quite satisfied with the fare. There was a fair muster of 23 members, who had arrived by various ways and means. Teddy Edwards came via Warrington and Acton Bridge, and the Manchester contingent consisted of the Mullah and Green, the latter, rumour has it, making his first appearance at a club run on a *real bicycle*. Frank Roskell created a sensation by attending two runs in succession, and we hope that such a good ending to the Old Year will be followed by a good start in the New. George Mercer, who had arrived early, spent the time at his disposal pottering about the hill, being afterwards joined by Venables, and later by Jack

Seed, who had ridden out via Chester and the Lower Road. Stephenson and Cohen arrived via Runcorn and Frodsham. Cook on the tandem with Dick Seed up, had been touring via Tarvin, Tarporley and Cotebrook, picking up Lord Lochroy at the Abbey Arms, and continuing on through Hatchmere and Frodsham. Bentley, having overtaken Buck, Pritchard and Frank Roskell walking from Chester, had finished the journey on foot. Dark plots were being unfolded after tea by the D. O. S. and it is rumoured that Uncle is not sleeping as well as heretofore, having heard whispers not distantly connected with the Tripelet. The party began to melt soon after tea, commencing with the Manchester contingent, and several members including Johnny Band and Lord Lochroy, wishing to be home early, left to return via Chester and the Lower Road. Cohen and Stephenson, not being on their tandem, could not be lured through Chester, and the Hinderton party only consisted of four, including the Cook-Seed tandem.

Hunt's Cross, January 4th.

We certainly began the year well with a crowd of 51 members and friends, which is about double the number present at the corresponding fixture last year, and breaks all records of recent years. Let us hope it is an augury of better support of the Club Fixtures during 1913. It was a somewhat windy and damp afternoon, but Edwards rode round by Warrington and met the Manchester trio, Green, Webb and Turnor, on the 5-0 transporter, while Uncle, Dick Seed, and Lochroy, via Chester, were on the 5-20, and a fair number had ridden out more or less direct only to find the yard locked against them owing to the occupancy of two cars, which would have been quite safe enough without this precaution. We were all glad to see Dr. Carlisle radiant amongst us, and such old stalwarts as Dave Fell and Frank Roskell *out on bicycles*, for as the Mullah remarked, on surveying the numerous long trousers and fancy knickerbockers, there was "a fair sprinkling of hard riding Anfielders." Owing to the big crowd, and one of the Hot Pots somewhat under-cooked, the late arrivals had to make out with cold chicken and ham and eggs, but eventually all were satisfied, and the serious business of enjoying ourselves was commenced. Unfortunately George Mercer could not stay to act as Chairman, and Edwards persuaded Cheminais, as the arranger of the entertainment, to take charge with a poker! Of course Chem. did so in brilliant fashion, and was exceedingly witty as "The Blot," but it struck most of us as putting "Poor Old Chem." into "an awful predicament" when he had to call upon himself for a turn and propose the vote of thanks. Of the entertainment, what shall we say? It was certainly as fine as any we have ever enjoyed, and we are greatly indebted to Knipe, Jimmy Williams, Zambuck, and Cheminais for bringing such splendid artistes out, but we cannot find words to adequately thank the Gentlemen themselves, and can only hope our applause convinced them of our appreciation. Perhaps the fact that *only four* returned on the 9-7 train, and, bar the Manchester contingent and Poole's car party, everyone stayed in the room till the conclusion at 10-10, is eloquent testimony enough of the thorough success of the evening.

Mr. Banks led off with a pianoforte solo, followed by "Kekil" B, with our old favourite "Alcala," and Cheminais with a mandoline recital. Then George Newall favoured us with a sweet rendition of The Drinking Song from the "Rose of Persia," and Mr. Harrison recited "The Green Eye of the Yellow God" magnificently. Mr. Perris showed us that music can be obtained from an Ocarina, and George Theakstone told us yarns, and refreshed our memories with Nursery Rhymes. By this time Knipe had arrived with Messrs. Mann and Evans of the Cathedral Choir, and Mr. Mann must have felt flattered at the reception his appearance evoked.

Mr. Evans at once obliged us with "Undine," and charmed us with a tenor voice of rare strength and purity, which brought down the house, and compelled an encore. Mr. Mann gave us "Home the Wanderer" and "The Banjo Song," and Cheminais followed with his ever greatly appreciated monologues "Coming Home" and "Devil May Care." George Newall was encored for "There woos a Dainty Maid," and responded with "Like Stars Above," and then Mr. Harrison gave us two recitals in character, "The Story of the Watchman" and "How We Saved the Barge," which was particularly appropriate with Captain Murray present. Messrs. Mann and Evans joined forces in "The Moon Hath Raised" and "Excelsior," and Mr. Mann repeated his "surprise turn" by fairly carrying us off our feet with "The Bells." Mr. Evans sang "Good Night, Beloved" to such good effect that when anyone was "dropped" in the scraps going home he immediately tried to "sing" it; and for an encore gave us "My Sweetheart When a Boy." At this juncture (or did Chem. say "Puncture?") our Chairman made an excellent speech with which we all agreed, except his reference to himself as "The Blot," and then with "Gunga Din" recited by Mr. Harrison, "The Ragtime Violin" and "Roses" by George Newall, and a mandoline solo by Cheminais, the evening closed with Mr. Mann's magnificent rendering of "Danny Deevers," and we turned out into the murky night, some for the 10-20, and quite a fair crowd of the D.O.S. for the open road.

Moreton, January 11th.

We one and all agreed to-day that it was wintry. The Tourists, Uncle, Dick Seed and Mac. reported fairly deep snow around Heswall, but beyond some jibbing on the part of Seed's mount, they had no trouble.

Only 18 answered the roll-call, but the determined attack on Bill Hale's supplies showed the proper A.B.C. spirit. Bill had let himself go with regard to the feeding.

All were very pleased to see Britten and Tierney, and hope they will stick to their New Year resolutions and come along as often as they are able.

Sunter complained of trouble with his inner tubes, but favoured us—at intervals—with selections on the piano. Just before leaving Uncle found a big leak in one of his drying stockings, and after some discussion repaired the hole with a gaiter. We had quite a nice run home and deserved it.

Knutsford, January 11th.

Are there weather prophets on the Committee? One could almost believe so, for the weather on the date of the alternative run for Manchester members turned out just of the quality to make one regard the shortness of the run with resignation. The roads on the 11th were wet—very wet, and the wind strong—very strong, and the sleet was cold and hard. But there are always compensations—the roads were far from crowded. Seven members—Boss Higham, The Mullah, Buckley, L. Oppenheimer and the brothers Green from Manchester and Cohen from Liverpool—made their way by various routes to the Lord Eldon. Cohen had had a fair good tussle most of the way, and confided to the company that the sight of the Kilton had done his eyes good. The Mullah managed to get in the way of a strong gust of wind just after starting and his efforts to cope with it being somewhat too emphatic, he bit the dust, or rather the mud, and was shaken up a little. However, a little gentle exercise on the road had a beneficial effect and he was quite fit when he reached Knutsford. After the excellent fare provided at the Lord Eldon had been satisfactorily disposed of, the company gathered round the fire and the new Captain gave us, with

some help from Cohen, a full report of the Annual General Meeting. We also talked of many other things—books, freak bicycles of long ago, and roads—especially roads, on which topic several learned discourses were delivered. When the time for departure arrived it was found that the wind had dropped and the snow was softly, but thickly, falling. The seven broke up into two parties, one for Mobberley and the other for Altrincham, the latter led by Boss Higham who scorned the protection of a cape. With stoppages to poke out the accumulated snow in order that the wheels might perform their functions in a fashion approaching the normal, the homeward way was made. Assuredly the first Manchester run of the season was a great success.

S. J. BUCK,
Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

(FORMED 1879).

16, CROXTETH GROVE,

LIVERPOOL.

21st February, 1913.

DEAR SIR,

Herewith I beg to hand you particulars of the arrangements made by the Committee for the **Easter Tour in North Wales**. As the accommodation at the "Glan Aber" is limited, I shall feel obliged if you will notify me by **Saturday, 15th March**, whether you purpose joining in the gathering, in order that I may secure a room for you. Should you be unable to come on **Thursday, 21st March**, you will be most welcome on any of the three following days. The following special tariff has been arranged:—

	s.	d.
Thursday night to Monday morning	27	6
Friday " " "	21	0
Saturday " " "	15	0
Sunday " " "	6	6

Mid-day meals on Friday, Saturday or Sunday, extra; Afternoon Teas and/or Suppers extra.

I also beg to inform you of the dates of the subsequent Special Fixtures, Races and Tours as so far arranged, and trust that you will make a note of them, and so prevent other engagements from clashing.

April 26th—50 Miles Unpaced Handicap.

May 12th—100 Miles Invitation Unpaced Handicap

June 20th & 21st—All-night Ride to Aberystwith.

July 12th—12 Hours Unpaced Ride.

August 2nd to 4th—Tour in Ireland (Dublin District),
arrangements later.

August 15th & 16th—24 Hours Unpaced Ride.

September 13th—50 Miles Unpaced Handicap.

The Committee are prepared to hold another 50 Miles Unpaced Handicap later in the season, probably on 4th Oct., should sufficient interest be displayed in the first two similar events.

For obvious reasons I must ask you to treat the above information regarding the races as **confidential**.

If you desire to attempt Record Breaking, please bear in mind the necessity of communicating your intention to the Hon. Sec. of the Road Records Association, Mr. F. WRIGHT, 29, Palace Chambers, Westminster, London, S.W., or to the Hon. Sec. of the Northern Road Records Association, Mr. E. BUCKLEY, 8, Maple Avenue, Cheadle Hulme, Stockport, as the case may be, and *also to myself*; **three** clear days' notice being necessary to the Road Records Association, and **five** clear days' notice being necessary to the Northern Roads Records Association if the attempt is unpaced.

Yours faithfully,

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

EASTER TOUR, 1913.

(CYMRU AM BYTH).



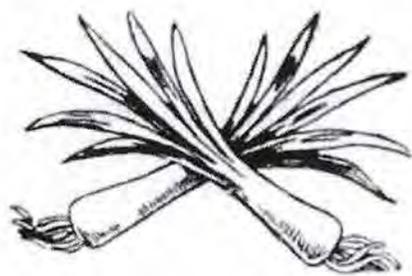
On **Friday, 21st March**, the ride will be to **Penmachno** and on by the Ffestiniog old road to **Eidda Wells**, the highest point on any road in Carnarvonshire, then turning east, following the course of the Upper Conway through Yspythy-Ifan to **Pentre Voelas**, a total distance of about 20 miles. Lunch at the Voelas Arms at 1-30 p.m. Those desirous of more mountaineering are recommended to the Nebo route to Llanwrst, while another alternative to the return by the main road suggests itself in the Capel Garmon route. Tea at Bettwys-y-Coed at 6-30 p.m.

On **Saturday, 22nd March**, the trip will be by Capel Curig, Llyn Ogwen, the Nant Ffrancon Pass, Bethesda and Bangor to Menai Bridge. Luncheon at 1-30 at the Victoria Hotel (to the right after crossing the Bridge). Return to Bettws-y-Coed for Dinner at 7 p.m. Distance for the day about 46 miles.

On **Sunday, 23rd March**, it is proposed that the party should proceed by Capel Curig and Pen-y-Gwryd, over the Llanberis Pass, through Llanberis village, about three miles beyond which point, at the first cross roads, the turn to the left should be taken, turning again to the left where this road joins the main Carnarvon-Beddgelert road at Waen-Fawr, and so to Beddgelert for Luncheon at the "Goat" at 1-30 p.m. This

route is only about 13 miles longer than the direct one and should, on a clear day, repay in the fineness of the views of Snowdon range, the extra work entailed. The return journey up the Gwynant Pass to Bettws makes the total for the day about 48 miles. Should the day be bad it is possible, of course, to proceed direct to Beddgelert down the Gwynant Pass and back the same way, making a total of about 35 miles. Dinner at the "Glan Aber" at 7 p.m.

On **Monday, 24th March**, return home by various routes. Luncheon will be arranged for at 1-30 p.m. at the Castle Hotel, Ruthin, for those who are returning by this route, and Tea at the Talbot Hotel, Chester, at 6 p.m.



ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR MARCH, 1913.

March 1st.—Newburgh (Red Lion)	Light up. 6.47 p.m.
„ 8th.—Helsby (Railway Hotel)	7.0 p.m.
„ 10th.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
„ 15th.—Warrington (Patten Arms)	7.13 p.m.
„ 21/24th.—Easter Tour, Bettws-y-Coed, Circular herewith	7.25 p.m.
„ 29th.—Pulford (Crosvenor)	7.39 p.m.

Full Moon, 22nd instant.

16, CROXTETH GROVE,

LIVERPOOL.

Secretary's Notes.

At the last Committee Meeting:—

The resignations of Messrs. J. N. Peacock and G. A. Pruddah were accepted.

The following names were STRUCK OFF THE LIST OF MEMBERS FOR NON-PAYMENT OF SUBSCRIPTIONS:—W. Ballinger, S. Holt, W. B. Kendrick and L. H. Nash.

The following places for luncheon for the day runs for the Easter tour were arranged:—Friday, Pentre Voelas (Voelas Arms), Saturday, Menai Bridge (Victoria Hotel), Sunday, Beddgelert (Goat). On the Monday luncheon will be arranged for at the Castle Hotel, Ruthin, and tea at the Talbot, Chester.

The matter of the Anti-Advertising Clause and of the method of issuing the invitations for the "100" received very close attention, and after considerable discussion it was decided to retain the Clause on the Entry Form and to follow the plan adopted last year in the issuing of invitations.

Addresses.

Lawrence Fletcher, c/o the Welsbach Co., Grey's Inn Road, London, E.C. (Incorrectly altered in last month's circular). L. G. Fletcher, 336, Goswell Road, London, E.C.

Applications for Membership.

Harry Collins, 42, Park Road, Stretford, Manchester; proposed by C. H. Turnor and seconded by F. D. McCann. John Hodges, 26, Stockton Street, Moss Side, Manchester; proposed by C. H. Turnor and seconded by E. Webb.

Dates of Races, Tours, etc.

Members are particularly requested to make a note of the following dates:—First "50", 26th April; "100", 12th May; All-Night Ride, 20/21st June (to Aberystwith); 12 Hours' Ride, 12th July; August Tour,

2/4th August (to Ireland, Dublin District); 24 Hours' Ride, 15/16th August; Second "50", 13th September.

In addition to the above events the Committee are prepared to hold another "50" provided the support accorded the first two warrants such a course.

If it is your intention to take part in the Easter Tour please advise me not later than 15th March, naming the day upon which you hope to join the party.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

The Editor will be glad to receive a short mem. from any members, describing any incidents of interest in connection with the runs, as—of course—it is impossible for the official contributor to be in more than one place at one time.

RUNS.

Halewood, January 18th.

I arrived in a very whacked state at the Derby Arms, as the roads were extremely heavy where they were not very greasy. Cook and Royden found them especially so coming round the earth, although they reported a welcome, if belated, improvement in surface on the Chester-Helsby Stretch. I don't know how the Manchester men fared, one of whom—E. Green, was riding a machine with wood rims, which most of us think rather risky for January. I was pleased to see Frank Roskell out again, and his regular riding is making him very fit, for he pushed the bottom bracket out of his machine near Prescott and had to hire another crock to carry him to Halewood. The tank, as usual, was full to overflowing before tea, and Cody introduced a discussion on afternoon tea, asserting that it was a bad habit and had a detrimental effect on the racing. We had plenty of time to discuss the subject, as the tea proper was very late, and those who indulge in the pernicious habit scored on this occasion anyway. It was nearer 6.30 than 6 o'clock when tea made its appearance, and some had the hungry knock badly, for a whole dish of trifle had disappeared before the first course was served. The meal was quite satisfactory when it came, excepting that some had double share of the entrée and several consequently were left. However we all were eventually satisfied and a move was made downstairs, where the party divided. The writer joined the chapel congregation, and although we suffered as usual for want of a pianist, we still managed to spend a very pleasant couple of hours, one song at half-a-crown a time being the most popular, and almost being the programme until the advent of Bentley, who favoured us with some of the latest rag-times. About 30 members in all were out, but the absence of our President, whom we had confidently expected would have been with us, was regretted.

Warrington, January 25th.

After a week of mixed weather we were fortunate in having a fine afternoon, albeit there was plenty of mud and it was really cold, but they are small matters when the sky weeps not. Twenty-seven sat down to tea which, as is usual at the Patten Arms, was excellent, and the fine weather was evidently appreciated, judging by the number who did "extensions." Buckley had been following the hounds, as was evident from his muddy boots, the "Mullah" with the two Greens had been lane exploring. Higher Whitley way, Bentley rode out via Chester, the tourists by Cuddington, whilst Cody and Edwards had covered a lot of ground in Lancashire, the former's ride embracing Rainford and the latter's Wigan, after which he did an unintentional extension, arriving 41 minutes late. Manchester was well represented, including the "Boss," who rode both out and home, Grimshaw and Marchanton. Charlie Conway came to show his stockings and Mac left business for a few hours to put in a run. After tea the usual

chat upstairs and billiards below, whilst the D.O.S. had a meeting in a corner, details of which I have been unable to obtain. Why can't we occasionally have a musical evening at Warrington? Most of us could spare an hour or two after tea: as it is the majority usually stay until after eight and this is too early for some, who have to stop at Cronton to put in the time. The Cronton party was rather small on this occasion, as Royden punctured in Warrington, Mac had to hurry back to business, and other defections reduced the number to six. I have since heard that Cook punctured near the "Rocket," Broad Green, and broke a wire of the cover in forcing it off with levers. After mending the tube the cover at first refused to stay on the rim, but inflating the tyre just enough to keep the rim off the ground and riding slowly, he luckily managed to coax the outfit to allow him to ride home.

It has been suggested that Lochroy returned from Warrington by train but he managed to reach Liverpool about midnight after mending 21 punctures. There is no doubt about the number of punctures, as I am assured it is a "fact."

Hunt's Cross, February 1st.

Thirty-five arrived. By ways and means devious and various. Some merely rode out on bicycles and straight out too. (I say nothing about the return journey). Some rode miles out of their way merely to come back. Some walked out (a lot of these), and one or two walked out pushing bicycles—the new pastime; and yet a lot more came by train. George Poole—I nearly forgot him—came on one of those "underferd tandem-trikes."

The "Mullah" brought a prospective member with his party, who must have given him an awful gruelling, as he could not carve the turkey. Eventually (to the relief of Cohen and Dick Seed) he turned over the job to George Mercer. I think the "Mullah" ought to be compelled to marry at once.

Tea at length over and the deck cleared, we sat around and kept on sitting around. Our President (who had cycled to the scene of action) was immediately the Maitre d'affaires; but, lo, no tapper of ye ivories arrived. Poor Kekil, looking very worried, went around asking the Club in general if it could play anything, read music or do anything useful at all in that line, but the Club answered "Not in Knickers."

Eventually, no budding Backhaus (nothing to do with White Horse) being forthcoming, the Skipper started away on "The Groom's Story." Half way round the small triangle he put it across himself most beggarly, chucked it and started again on another touch,—this time on the "Baby Handicap." He won easily and apparently knows more about babies than most people, and certainly more than a "Middle-aged Benevolent Old Gentleman" like himself ought to know. Methinks Mons. "Mullah" has been reading Mother Beeton's Cookery Book.

The babies quietened, Blackburn and Mr. Tomlinson gave us a duet—"The Brothers Opposite," which was very good, considering they had no accompanist. Chem followed in his own style with "Evans's Dorg 'Orspittle," and for an encore "On Strike." These both went down very well.

Backhaus' Understudy—Stephenson—knocked the dominoes for a while, to be followed by Knipe, who told us the sad tale of "McBrae's Mission," in two languages.

Mr. Tomlinson obliged again with another song—"Julienne," with a rollicking chorus. This time a pianist was unearthed in "Old" Green.

Following this Chem gave us "Tickling," which, of course, tickled us to death (oh ek!). For an encore, he sang a French song. The nearest I can get to the title is "Je ne restraints pas." I don't know what it was about at all, but it was funny. To add a little variety he told us a few stories, direct from Nijni Novgorod (near Wem) to wind up. Here endeth

the first house. The 9-7, with a good consignment of hard-riding Anfielders on board, just managed to crawl out of the station.

SECOND HOUSE.—The "T.T. Rag-timists, Ltd. (telegraphic address, "Knackered but Cheerful") indulged in a few of Mozart's symphonies (with words). Then there was a short-haired blighter, by name Rudd, aided by one "Zambuck," who treated us with the "Midshipmite." The applause was deafening.

The "Apostle" thought he could do as well as anybody left on the mat and had a shot at Pa White's "McPherson Concerto" *avec* the chorus à la Musical Chaire Madness. The President also sang, so did Billy Toft (bless him). Cohen banged a little more (seven beers please). Hawkes gave us that well-known ballad "Zummerzetshire" with great gusto (another beer please), and then everybody being whacked, the assemblage dissembled.

NOTA BENE: Being the beginning of the month the small Seed had re-engaged his trousers, and Cohen was last seen outing himself trying to walk explaining to the aforementioned bulbous person, the advantages and disadvantages of "les pantalons longus." The D.O.S., it is rumoured, have, in a fit of jealousy placed him on the Transfer List.

Mobberley, February 8th.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," and the gale of Friday evening dried the Cheshire roads to an extent that has not been seen before this winter. There remained nothing of the gale, but a brisk westerly breeze which, although it rendered riding against it rather laborious, was such as to give one a healthy appetite for tea. So much so, that one of the members showed such capacity as a trencherman as to threaten a famine. Wild horses shall not drag forth his name, but there are two of that name, and this is the other one. The "Mullah" has taken off his spats, so that it is probable that the voice of the turtle will be heard in the land. Eight members sat down to tea at the Roebuck: "Boss" Higham, Oppenheimer, Buckley (just recovered from the 'flue), Fred Lowcock, the "Mullah" and the two Greens, last, but not least, the representative of the Smart Set, A Crowcrop, Esq. Two prospective members, Collins, who was with us last week at Hunt's Cross, and Hodges, who won the 1912 Hundred, were also present. An excellent meal was served, but some dissatisfaction was expressed at the carving being done in the kitchen, and hints were thrown out at the Skipper regarding the shirking of official responsibilities. Just as tea was over Teddy Webb turned up, having rushed it after business. When the table was cleared, a circle was made round the fire and the "Boss" related stories of Arjay and Irish tours, whilst the "Mullah" waxed enthusiastic over wanderings in the mountains, where you pull the machine up the hill by means of ropes and let it down in the same way on the other side. At nine o'clock the party broke up, Lowcock having already started, Webb and Hodges went home via Macclesfield, "Boss" Higham and Oppenheimer travelled their way and the rest journeyed by Wilmslow. Just outside Wilmslow young Green punctured, which gave the "Mullah" an opportunity for a lecture on narrow section wood rims with wired on tyres. He was ably seconded by another, whose caustic and pointed remarks blistered the varnish on the rim and singed off the patch. However the damage was repaired, and after carefully wetting it to keep the patch down, the party separated.

Moreton, February 8th.

A more charming afternoon in winter could not be imagined; clean, clear and sweet atmosphere with brilliant sun.

There was not much doing on the way out, but a runaway horse chased by a cyclist, two mixed hockey matches and views of well filled stockings,

some scouts on the march, a peep at the wrecked Johnston liner "Ulstermore," lying on Taylor's Bank, were all on the programme. Nearing Moreton the finest sunset of the year developed, the sky deepening from yellow on the horizon to delicate pinks, greys and blues at the zenith.

At Moreton there was a total of 30 members and four friends, some of whom came on bicycles; including pillars of the Club, who had not been to Moreton this century. Billy Owen for instance. Its fine to be able to treat him as a human being again now he has given up the treasury. The fresh faces were too much for Bill Hale, who said he had never seen some of the "young fellers" before.

The chapel was nearly full when we entered, and everyone well away from their marks with the steak and kidney. A flank movement put us in command of a round of beef, but we were very badly left without the rhubarb tart.

After tea a spirited tussle for the piano between the tank party and the clergy roused us up. The latter winning by force of numbers, carried it to the kitchen, and our old friends Andrews and Proudman gave us some musical items; Johnny Band recited "The Crown," while "Zam's" friend was most useful at the piano.

Some beer blew in at intervals—discreet intervals—and we were mostly away home by 9-30.

Chester, Hawkstone, February 15th.

A party of 19 gathered at The Talbot, Chester, for tea, including Bentley and H. Roskell, who arrived just as the week-end party was about to leave. The latter consisted of Cohen and Stephenson (tandem) Cook and Montag (tandem), Turnor, McCann, Hawkes, Jack and R. P. Seed on singles, making nine. Hawkes, doubtless drawn on by a call from his ancestors, left in front of the main party, and was only caught outside Whitchurch by the first tandem, after which he disappeared in the direction of Prees Heath. The main party stopped at Whitchurch for awhile, and then continued the journey to Hawkstone Park. Cook's tandem carried strapped to the saddle pin, a week-end bag, and just outside Prees the strap gave way, and the bag fell off. Turnor, who was riding immediately behind, hit the bag and was thrown rather badly. McCann being behind Turnor came off as well. Turnor managed to pull himself together quickly, no bones were broken, and McCann also survived the shock with ease. The party, reinforced at Hawkstone by G. B. Mercer and F. H. Koenen on cycles, and by a walking party consisting of F. Roskell, Venables, H. M. Buck, and T. W. J. Britten, making a total of 15, held a convivial gathering in the lounge, which was enlivened by songs and story—"The Master" excelling in conveying weird sounds from Honolulu, and some which had in them the charms of France. It was noteworthy to see the unhesitating agility of the Captain when his "adoration" required him to kneel down (it must have hurt a little anyway), and Hawkes recalled to us (it sounded like a distant memory) the broad acres of "Zummersetshire." Sunday morning brought fine weather with a slight haze. The walking party left early, as it says in the song "With measured steps and slow." Then the main party inspected the Park. The stones of Hawkstone are two ridges of Triassic sandstone, one much shorter than the other, composed of ochreous soft sandstone, and one of white sandstone, divided by a deep gully. The escarpments face towards the South. Towards the North the white sandstone ridge has a nicely rounded whale-back like appearance. Nearly all the hard enduring ridges of sandstone in the Cheshire plain have been reduced to a smooth soft outline by the glaciers which passed over them, but at Hawkstone the ridges stand out bold and forbidding. Why this is so will prove an interesting inquiry for the members of the A. B. C. Part of the evidence, perhaps the key to it, may be under the soft turf of the Giant's Grave. The rocks at Hawkstone have been interfered with

by human hand, guided by a brain like a child's. Hardly any of the things attempted like the lead mine, cavern, etc., are in keeping with the nature of the sandstone. The ruin of the Redcastle indeed is a noble structure, but this belongs to another period. The only thing which is in keeping is the Lion's Cage. The Trias is a desert formation, and although the dryness of the Sahara has been followed in the course of ages by a constellation of things ensuring a plentiful supply of rain, clothing over the desert sandstone with a mantle of green, the evidence of the desert remains, and into this evidence, the lion, though it be a terra cotta one, fits. The Hermit unfortunately was absent, probably because the roof above him had given way. We made our way to the Hill Column, and enjoyed the wide view across the country, and then returned to the Hotel for lunch. After lunch the party broke up—there was indeed a brief partial re-union at Whitchurch, but the different destinations of Manchester and Liverpool pulled the party asunder. It is believed Cook discovered his groove on the Whitchurch-Chester road, and reached the latter place in 1 hr. 10 mins. in spite of the obvious drawback of having a novice on his tandem, and the Liverpool party finally had tea together at Hinderton.

E. MONTAG.

S. J. BUCK,

Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR APRIL, 1913.

	Light up.
April 5th—Lymm (Church Inn)	7-52 p.m.
„ 12th—Caergwrle (Halfway House)... ..	8-4 „
„ 14th Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7-0 p.m.	
„ 19th—Lostock Gralam (Black Greyhound)	8-17 „
„ 26th—First 50 Miles Handicap, Shropshire Course. Start at 4 p.m. Tea at Shawbury at 7.30, and Week- end at Hawkstone Park.	8-29 „

Full Moon, 20th instant.

Committee Notes.

16, CROXTETH GROVE,

LIVERPOOL.

The following have been elected Active Members:—J. Hodges and H. Collins.

Invitations to submit the names of riders to compete in the "100" have been extended to the following Clubs:—Four each: North Road, Bath Road, M.C. and A.C., and Unity. Three each: Vegetarian, North London, Polytechnic, Manchester Wheelers, Manchester Wednesday, Speedwell, Oak, Highgate, East Liverpool Wheelers, Irish R.C., Sharrow, Sheffield R.C., Yorkshire R.C., Kingsdale, Liverpool Pembroke, University, Grosvenor Wheelers, Liberty, Wem, Walton C. and A.C. and Century R.C. Two each: Hull Thursday, Leeds R.C., Leicestershire R.C. and Salford Wheelers. One each: Halifax R.C., Leeds Albion, Leeds Kirkgate, N. Liverpool Y.M.C.A. C.C., Cheadle and Cheadle Hulme.

Application for Membership.

Mr. D. France, 19, St. John Street, Whitchurch. Proposed by E. Buckley, seconded by F. D. McCann.

The First Fifty Miles Handicap is on 26th April. Entries must be received by me not later than first post on Saturday, 19th April.

New Address.—Lawrence Fletcher, 7, Hertford Street, Mayfair, London, W.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

MEMS.

Jack Hodges has resigned from the Cheadle Hulme Club in order to become a First Claim Anfielder.

After the Marton run, Turnor and H. Green looked in at the Wheelers' opening run, making a point of doing so, as the Mullah had been invited, in his official position as Captain of the A.B.C., by Fred Lowcock, who is this year Captain of the Wheelers. By request, our skipper helped along the evening's entertainment by reciting, preceded by "a few remarks" which included an assurance of the good feeling that exists between the two clubs.

RUNS.

Warrington, Feb. 22nd.

I arrived at the cross-roads at Dunham before the appointed time, but as Higham came up at the same moment we were not in a position to accuse each other of unpunctuality. We were soon joined by France, of the Wednesday, and in a few minutes Buckley completed the party. The welcome fine weather has its own drawbacks, and the dust on the high road warned us to take to the lanes. We found a cross-country route, by Agden, High Legh, Appleton, Stretton and Daresbury, where Johnnie Band found us. He was enthusiastic about some new tyres; "very fast," he said; on enquiry it appeared that they enable you to do evens downhill in grease, without any danger of side-slip; uphill, and on the level, you work your passage in the ordinary way. At Warrington Bridge we found the usual football crowd. Buckley, who was on his tricycle, rode; the rest of us used our discretion and walked.

The tea was excellent, as it always is at the Patten Arms, and the Skipper carved the pie with great skill. He takes his duties in this respect very seriously, refusing to attempt the more spectacular feats until he is completely master of the elements of the art. By the summer he expects to be qualified to deal with chickens (or even ducks) if we have the luck to find such things on the table.

The return journey was made without incident, but we were surprised to find a head wind. We thought there was a head wind on the way out, but several Liverpool members assured me that we were mistaken. I wonder whether they also changed their opinion on the way home. Perhaps we are about to discover a great natural law—all winds blow from Warrington before sunset, and towards Warrington after sunset. Cyclists, therefore, should live in Warrington, and should never come home before dark.

Newburgh, March 1st.

There was an attendance of 25 at this fixture, which was not bad considering the wind that was blowing. Several members and one friend walked out from Ormskirk and, it is alleged, walked back to that town. (Strenuous persons these hard-riding Anfielders.)

Cook and McCann led a party from Knowsley, and the monotony of riding was relieved by the necessity for sundry repairs to Tommy Royden's front tyre. Teddy Edwards rode round by Preston to look for Grimshaw, but was too early, the latter not leaving the town until some little time after Teddy had passed through.

The food was excellent, the only complaint that reached the writer's ears being a wail from someone at the "walkers'" end of the table that all the rhubarb had disappeared before he had had any.

The majority of the company dispersed about 7-45 by various routes, the "Swift Nicks" (alias D.O.S. v. T. Royden) going round by Knowsley, and another party guided by Cody by Stanley Gates and Kirkby.

The wind, which had been fairly lusty in the afternoon, became exceedingly robust on the return journey, and those who were not very fit had rather a gruelling.

By the way, I was pleased to see that George Poole had turned up—again on the bicycle, instead of in the petrol destroyer.

[I think our contributor has been misinformed by Lockroy, as the Swift Nicks are not only distinct from the D.O.S., but are to be the first victims of the Syndicate.—Editor.]

Marton, 1st March.

Nine dauntless pedalists put in an appearance at the Davenport Arms on the occasion of this run. It required considerable moral and physical courage to do the 20 miles from town owing to the annoying spectacle of meeting wheelmen being wafted townward on the wings of the wind—their friend and our enemy. One man turned up with brow bedewed with honest sweat and explained in a fed-up way that he had been brought along by a rural postman on a red bicycle. All would have been well, but the Government Official insisted upon asking questions, to answer which caused our speed (sic) merchant to cough. The Skipper, escorted by H. Green, travelled out by a circuitous route, which is at present a secret between himself and the ordnance survey men.

After tea, with the exception of Oppenheimer and "Pa" France, who wished to be home early, the party disposed themselves round the fire and conversation opened on that evergreen cyclists' topic—cycle touring. From thence it passed by almost unnoticeable gradations to literature and finished up with a discussion on the frailty of book-borrowers. Doctor Carlisle then feeling a telepathic thrill and deciding to move towards civilisation, the rest followed suit and a start was made for home—and other places. At Siddington cross-roads the party split, "Mullah" and the "Omnivorous one" going home via Knutsford, Hodges making for Macclesfield and the Doctor, E. Green, Crowcroft and Collins going straight home (it is thought).

Helsby, March 8th.

At this run there was a far smaller gathering than there should have been. Doubtless walkers and a few football enthusiasts helped to make the gathering so small. An annoying breeze, which made the writer and his accomplice take "turn and turn about," was the only incident on the outward journey, but of course that crowd of roughs fra' Birkenhead had with malice and the usual other thing put it thro' a most exciting bite. Mullah, with Webb on the back of the tandem, had been overhauling the lanes. A few had arrived via Warrington, Cody, I believe, returning this way, Toft, Stephenson and Cohen via Runcorn and Cronton, Cook, Royden, Band, Edwards, "the bulbous two" and Mac via Chester. What's this about Hinderton to Woodside in 5 minutes? Mac, my bonny lad, I hold both hands up!! Bright, of C.T.C. knowledge, put a Club run against his name. Now for the important details which are of interest to everyone, La Milo's sister (mark you well) served up the victuals in her own graceful and charming way. Now Mullah there's a sporting chance for you!! The grub was fair, but I don't think up to the standard of the last consignment. Please send credit note per return. However, we will soon be on trial with carrots, custard, cauliflowers and eggs which will be quite sufficient to make some miserable. Now Mr. Editor if you had been out at this run you would have been able to gather and hear more facts than the writer has been able to unearth.

Warrington, March 15th.

The morning of the 15th was promising; it promised lots of things—hail, snow, sleet, etc., and performed them during the forenoon. In the early afternoon the wind got up to half-a-gale, just in the right direction for the Liverpool men, but quite otherwise for those from Cottonopolis. Cody took his usual round through Rainford, Edwards toured round Hoo Green and Buckley went round Dunham for Boss Higham, but, much to everyone's regret, the latter was unable to accompany him to the meet. Cook with young Seed on the tandem and Jack Seed hanging on behind, went round Hatchmere to Acton Bridge to meet the Mullah and Green Minor, who had plugged out against the wind through Great Budworth. Cook's party had had an encounter with two puff-and-dart artists who found it convenient every now and again to pull up their mounts in the middle of the road and stand there—feet wide apart—taking up the fairway. W.P. gave them some real sound advice for which they may have been grateful, but if so they dissembled, for their replies were quite improper. Mac turned up at Acton Bridge later and then the tandem led the party at a gentle pace—something above evens—to Warrington where they all arrived with the bloom of health on their damask cheeks and large and comprehensive thirsts.

Crowcroft brought out Green Major on the back seat of his tandem and very nearly lost him. On entering the town there was a block in the traffic, and Green Major, under the impression that a dismount would be necessary, hopped off. At that moment the Smart Set saw an opening, dashed for it and sailed away leaving his other half lamenting. The latter mounted and a passing tramcar from which—in about half-a-mile—he beheld the Smart Set returning, with a broad smile, to look for him. Again the pair was complete and amidst the plaudits of the assembled populace, who seemed to think it was a kind of circus trick, and suspected an advertisement, they sailed off for the Patten. Now Green Major can't make up his mind whether the Smart Set's failure to notice his absence was due to his very correct balance and smooth pedalling or whether his pushing was of so small effect as to be negligible.

After tea there was an exhibition of billiards, in the course of which more shots were achieved than are dreamt of in the average billiard player's philosophy, and then the party began to break up. It was then discovered—oh! lucky Liverpool boys!—that the wind had changed round and was again favourable for the Mersey. Those who took full advantage of it and went straight home were the most fortunate—they got there dry, but the careless ones who lingered partook of a drenching such as has not been their lot for a long time. Thus is virtue ever rewarded.

H.G.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

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FIXTURES FOR MAY, 1913.

May 3rd—Whipping Stocks (Mainwaring Arms)	Light up. 8-44 p.m.
„ 5th Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7-0 p.m.	
„ 10th—Whitchurch (Swan), and week-end at Shrewsbury (George)	8-54 „
„ 12th—Hundred Miles Invitation Handicap	
„ 17th—Tattenhall (Bear)	9-5 „
„ 24th—Wrexham (Wynnstay)	9-17 „
„ 31st—Little Budworth (Red Lion)	9-26 „

Full Moon, 20th instant.

Secretary's Notes.

16, CROXTETH GROVE,

LIVERPOOL.

Mr. D. France, 17, St. John Street, Whitchurch, was, at the last Committee Meeting, elected an active member.

Eighty-eight names submitted by the various clubs for the "100" were accepted at the last Committee Meeting—adding our own members this means a field of about 95. You will readily see that every available member is wanted round the course, so if you can turn out please let me know immediately.

Mr. Toft has agreed to look after the feeding at Waters Upton again, and with such a large field he and his helpers will have plenty to do, so should you find yourself at liberty at the last moment and not booked for elsewhere round the course, put yourself under his direction there.

The names of those of our members who wish to ride in the "100" must reach me not later than 30th April.

A special tariff of 8/- per day has been arranged at the George Hotel, Shrewsbury, for Whitsuntide; this does not include a midday meal on Sunday. Dinner is scheduled for 7 p.m. on Sunday.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

MEMS.

The Treasurer will be pleased to receive subscriptions and/or donations to the Prize Fund; payment may still be made through any branch of the London City and Midland Bank to the credit of the Club's account at Kirkdale Branch, or to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. R. L. Knipe, 109, Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool.

The race for the tricycle trophy is, this year, to be held in conjunction with the Kingsdale "50," and it is highly probable that the Trustees will ask us to run it in connection with the "100" next year.

Among the eighty-eight invitations for the "100" extended to members of other clubs the names of five Irish and five Scottish men figure, which promises to make the event this year more than usually interesting.

If any member knows Mr. W. E. S. Foster's present address we should be pleased to have the information.

Answers to Correspondents.

Everbright.—No, we do not think you have a good case for a libel action. Merrigold is a very good name.

Jimmy.—Yes, there are Hardy Anfielders and Hardly Anfielders, but there is an L of a difference between them.

George E. Talbot.—We believe you would find Petrol or Benzol better than Aqua Pura even for a Douglas, but we are not sorry you had to resort to a plain bicycle for your Easter Tour in strange parts.

Paganone.—You certainly ought to "protect" yourself with a Duplex Lamp if you will not adopt the pea stick and pocket handkerchief dodge mentioned in C.T.C. Gazette. We hope your friend converted you.

W.C.T.—We congratulate you on your fine feat of climbing Pen-y-ball on Good Friday, but why not have come to Bettws-y-coed and tackled some of the hills thereabouts?

RUNS.

Easter Tour (Bettws-y-Coed), March 20th-24th.

With such an early Easter, and such cold, unsettled weather, it says much for the popularity of this fixture that it was participated in by 28 members and five friends, while two more members joined us on the return journey, which is one of the objects in fixing a homeward route. There were only McCann and Cook to get down by road on Thursday night, and after a particularly trying experience over the Sportsmans with several blizzards, much fighting and a puncture, they arrived at the Glan Aber to find Fell, Keizerette, Prichard, H. M. Buck, and our old friends Messrs. Andrews and Phillips in possession, while Rowatt arrived during the night with the milk, so we mustered nine for Good Friday breakfast. It afterwards appeared that Worth and James had reached Denbigh to sample the Llansannan-Gwytherin route, Britten had gone to Bangor to walk to Bettws, while Koenen and Turnor had put in at Ellesmere and Llangollen respectively. There were only McCann and Cook to start for the Penmachno, Eidda Wells, Ysppyty Ifan circuit to Pentre Voelas, but Turnor left Llangollen very early to "do the tour," and this trio were amply repaid for the arduous climb up the old Ffestiniog road by magnificent views of the Arenigs mantled in deep snow. At Pentre Voelas, Edwards (who was staying at Llanwrst and joined in all the trips) was met, and with Fell, Rowatt, Keizer, Prichard, and Buck having walked up via Conway Falls, there were nine of us for lunch; shortly after which the Master arrived. Only Edwards, Turnor and Cook were "desirous of more mountaineering," and they returned by the Nebo-Llanwrst route, and at tea time the crowd really began to gather, for in addition to those already mentioned, Hubert Roskell (car), Toft and Cohen (tandem), Band, Jack and Dick Seed,

Crowcroft and E. Green (tandem) and Owen, rolled in with some terrible remarks about the Denbigh-Sportsmans route, which they alleged had been ruined by a silly old gentleman on a trike, although we hear that the real reason for the disembowelling is a traction engine being employed by Lord Devonport in connection with an extension to his shooting box. In the evening we had music by Messrs. Andrews and Phillips, Gramophone by the Secretary of the Liverpool Gramophone and Phonograph Society, and some card tricks by Dave Fell. Saturday morning was dull but fine, and only 8 set off for Menai Bridge; Owen unfortunately had to return home. Crowcroft and Green stayed to make a proper job of a cut in their tyre, and afterwards escorted Koenen to Conway. Roskell went to Llangollen to pick up a friend, Mr. S. Ayton, while James and Worth joined the pedestrians, and Cohen, not being well, resigned his seat on the Toft tandem to Dick Seed. With the wind behind the journey was very easy, and the Nant Francon Pass was in splendid condition, so Menai Bridge was reached very early, and undoubtedly the best meal of the tour was obtained here. Unfortunately rain set in after lunch, but this did not deter the really Mad Mullah from suddenly having a desire to return via the Sychant Pass, and getting no "bites" he set off alone. The other 7 waited till nearly 4-0, when the rain had become sleet, and then started the ride back. Conditions were not bad up to Llyn Ogwen, although the appearance of several snow-clad motor cars seemed ominous, and sure enough up at Llyn Ogwen a veritable blizzard was howling, and the road was nicely carpeted with snow. Edwards, Jack Seed and Cook stopped for a cup of tea, but the other 4 pushed on, and mighty hard work it was to Capel Curig, where the snow became slush, with the result that all arrived back with very wet feet. Tommy Royden was the only cyclist to get through on the Saturday, but then he is such a fine pedestrian, and the snow hid from his eyes the terrors of the Sportsmans! Charlie, Tom and Jack Conway, together with Venables in a car, arrived via Llanfairtalhafarn, so we were a big crowd at dinner, and had a splendid evening in the chapel, the success of the evening and "piece de resistance" being undoubtedly the turns provided by a young fellow named K. O. Enen, with a repertoire of Fragon's songs brought very much up to date. Sunday was fine and the snow had all disappeared except from the top of Llanberis Pass. There were 19 for the run to Beddgelert, but only the Conway car, Turnor and Cook carried out the full tour by taking the Cwm-y-glo-Waenfawr circuit. Lunch at the Goat was a rather poor affair, but after all the *riding* is the main thing, and the weather was delightful. The climb up the Gwynnant Pass was easy, but most of the party stopped at Penygwrd for afternoon tea on a contract job, and were joined by Stephenson, who had been compelled by the snow to seek refuge at Clawddnewydd about 5 miles from Ruthin on Saturday night. Just as we were thinking of leaving a sudden storm broke, but it did not last long, and the ride down to Bettws was in brilliant sunshine again. Unfortunately at Capel Curig the Crow-Green tandem came to grief. At first they thought they had "lost their gears" through "clicking to make the world glad—like the magic wave of the wand, etc.," then they thought the back chain had broken, and with some help from The Master they managed to get back to Bettws, but after opening the gear case they found that "the secret of the enjoyment of cycling lies in the back hub," for the sprocket had stripped the thread, and it was beyond repair at Bettws. How this could have happened when we are told that with the Shirty-Archer hub cyclists are "sailing up hills . . . without effort. No struggling, straining, getting red in the face, blowing and puffing—just an easy gliding motion and real enjoyment" is a mystery. George Milne, on a walking-camping tour, joined us at dinner time, and seemed to greatly enjoy his first Anfield experiences, particularly the jolly evening in the chapel, notwithstanding the usual failure of the gas supply. K. O. Enen was again top of the bill, and Turnor, Andrews and Phillips also charmed us. Monday morning brought a welcome

change from that of recent years, for it was actually fine, and a perfect day ensued. Fifteen set off for Ruthin and only one stop was made at Llanfihangel Glyn Myfyr. The Master did not have his auto-wheel, but he employed a much better "igsolory engine" by using the Conway and Tegid Owen Cars à la The O'Tatur. At Ruthin, H. Green joined up after a very strenuous ride from Manchester, and we had a magnificent lunch, which Tegid Owen had come over from Cerrig-y-druidion specially to see to. After lunch the party broke up, and only Turnor, Green, McCann, Cook, Royden and the Brothers Seed made for Chester, where a bicycle festooned with love ribbons was discovered in the yard, and proclaimed that George Poole, fresh from an off the beaten track tour round Shawbury with headquarters at Hawkstone, had joined us. Of course the Mullah and Green departed after tea for Manchester, but F. H. who had employed his "igsolory" engine up Bwlchy parc apparently caught an afternoon rattler home. George Poole left early, and finally the remaining 5 toured very gently home via Hinderton, and thus ended another Easter gathering at the Glan Aber.

ITEMS.

We were all particularly delighted to have Jack Conway with us again after an absence of 15 years.

"Mawr" was our only "exile" to put in an appearance, and was in great form.

Oliver Cooper was staying in the neighbourhood, and was "sighted," but did not join us at dinner this year.

We were all sorry to find Mrs. Evans seriously ill, and trust she will soon be restored to good health again.

The lantern parades organised by H. M. Buck, M.B.O.E., were wonderfully successful considering the wet evenings.

At the Swallow Falls we found preparations being made to fix turnstiles so as to put another tax on scenery! In this case the revenue, we understand, is to go to the relief of the rates.

We never remember the various passes in such fine condition. Llanberis was excellent, and the Nant Francon very much improved, while Nant-y-Benlog, Nant-y-gwryd and the Gwynnant were quite good.

One advantage of an early Easter was the appreciable reduction in the number of motor cars and motor cycles encountered—hence no doubt the better roads, which later on will be "motor-improved" with pot holes.

Our new President Fell seemed to enjoy every minute of the holiday, and captained the walking party most successfully, while his chairmanship in the chapel was delightful.

Pulford, March 29th.

I believe that Johnny Band when overtaken on the Chester Road by Uncle and the two Seeds, just to cheer them on their way round Caergwile and Wrexham, prophesied very heavy rain. Johnny was right, and I think most of us were fairly damp about the lower extremities when we ultimately arrived at the Grosvenor Arms. The fine weather early in the afternoon had evidently seduced quite a number into starting, for we had a muster of about thirty, and when I arrived the fire was almost rendered invisible by stacks of caps and shoes, etc., drying out, to say nothing of a number of huge Anfielders comprising the usual circle, and the only way to get near was to play the usual game of patience and sneak someone else's chair when vacated. Johnny Band coming out direct accompanied by Bentley had been discovered by Cotter, sitting on a gate communing with nature, and this

was an excellent opportunity for the former to overhaul the latter's machine, which of course he was not slow to avail himself of, I suppose to their mutual satisfaction. Cody and Knipe were on their tandem, on which they appear to have been putting in a good deal of work lately. We were all pleased to see that Cohen had almost recovered from his Easter indisposition and was practically his own cheery self again, to judge from the manner in which he was holding forth to Dick Seed (who was on Rags and Timber for the first time) about the cost of having his rims restuck and his tyres repaired, etc., after riding home in the wet. The latter was not looking at all happy, and I think he must have been a bit dubious himself. The feeding was up to the usual Pulford mark and was a nice change from the usual fare we have been having. Several members arrived rather late and had the pleasure of standing watching us eat, which Oliver Cooper, who was one of them, said was a lovely sight. The Manchester contingent consisting of our worthy Captain, the Vegetable Twain and Collins, had come by a rather complicated route, and Collins was simply astonished at the Skipper's knowledge of Cheshire, and hopes at an early date to show off his recently acquired knowledge by taking a party of his friends by the same route. Our advice is to try by himself first. Green Minor had machine trouble near Davenham on the outward journey, but was quite cheerful about it as he considered Davenham within walking distance from home. (There are men in the Club who would sooner ride a "24" than walk 20 miles with a bicycle.) The local cycle repairer though suffering from over lubrication was able to repair the damage, so the "Energetic One" was able to ride on to Pulford. The usual circle round the fire was formed after tea, and the subject of discussion was "Using your napper" in races, the main object of which seems to be the planning of various methods of bagging other competitors' grub, and I should advise all intending racing men to keep an eye on Bentley, as he seems to have got the process down to a fine art. Uncle and Mr. George Milne (with his famous Duplex lamp) departed first to week-end at Llanarmon Dyffrn Ceiriog so as to cross the Berwyns on Sunday morning by Nant Rhyd Wilym to Pen-y-bwlch and down the Afon Lynor Valley to Pont-yr-Hendwr, near Llandrillo, whence they returned via Corwen and Chester. They reported some magnificently wild scenery only marred by heavy mountain mists, but apparently fine dry weather is really required for this trip, which must be well worth doing by those who do not object to walking mountain paths where motors cannot penetrate. The Manchester crowd shortly followed, and after numerous peregrinations to the door to see if it had cleared and finding that it had not, we all decided to get on with it, which we did, and as the much hoped for clearance came soon after we started, we had the pleasure of getting home dry.

Lymm, April 5th.

I am sorry I do not know how many attended this run, but I missed our Secretary and some of the regular members. The ways of arrival of the majority have not been mentioned, but Uncle and a one-legged man parted company with the writer outside the village, which we approached via Chester after a fight with the gale, and the writer consequently almost drew a blank at tea—being a bit late, although Teddy E., who was a good last, struck a fair line.

On ascending a rise in one neighbourhood we came across a small car in the grip of an athletic looking man, who evidently won the bout, as he was reported elsewhere later. The Masonic Hall opposite the Inn gave one a chance to get rid of a goodly layer of dust from the features, but it brought back memories not at all comforting to a hungry disciple of K.S. For further information see small bills.

There were discussions on riders, good and otherwise, and things—some jokes—outside the Hall, before we departed for Chester and home.

Caergwrle, April 12th.

I think the Halfway House should be re-named the Halfsize house; the room in which we had tea will not seat a score comfortably and as there was no other available room some half dozen members, including the Manchester men, had to wait for vacant seats. However, we all eventually had something to eat, and the tea was not at all bad, taking into consideration that this was our first run to this particular hotel. Twenty-six in all were out, including three Manchester men who were late in arriving owing to tyre troubles and who had to leave immediately after having tea. Hardy Anfielders these. If they found it as snaggy as the writer they had enough riding on this occasion anyway. Mr. D. France, a prospective member, was out and seemed a bit crushed over tea, being one of three who were taking up the room of two. The routes to Caergwrle were many, but Lochroy discovered *the* route—all down-hill from Rossett—fact! Others wandered half over Wales (after reaching the village) looking for the Halfway House, one party discovering a short cut across some fields, and they were not pedestrians. There was quite a strong walking party, and if a larger room could be found this would appear to be a very popular run. The first to leave were Mullah and Co., then followed the two sub-captains on some mysterious training spin, then the Apostle's party for Wrexham, after which the main body left to travel via Queen's Ferry and Hinderton, the walking party being then left in possession.

Lostock Gralam, April 19th.

A glorious afternoon with a real wind in the proper direction. 'Twas a question of how fast one cared to go up the limit of one's pedalling speed. Cook came out on a trike with a gear of 65, which I think is simply wasting a golden opportunity. Some very hot rides were accomplished with the assistance of the draught and doubtless some pleasant dreams of fast times in next week's "50" were indulged in. Luckily the wind had moderated very considerably when the return journey had to be faced, but there was still enough to trouble the unfit. There were about thirty men out including Boss Higham, whom we were all delighted to see. Knipe and Cody arrived late complaining of the absence of wind—in the front tyre of their tandem. This little trouble they put right after tea while most of us waited for the handicapping committee, who were fixing the starts, etc., for the "50." This business over we all departed, the Swift Nicks via Chester and the remainder of the Liverpool members via Warrington. Both parties divided en route and thus the return journey was finished in true Anfield fashion—in small groups.

The Manchester members made their way out by devious routes, but none succeeded in dodging the wind, which pushed against them with a most regrettable ardour. Usually when the cyclist has to contend with wind he doesn't have rain, or at any rate if it rains the wind moderates, but Saturday's experience was an exception, for during the short, sharp storms of rain and hail, the wind increased and blew a regular gale. Notwithstanding the untoward conditions, Boss Higham turned out with L. Oppenheimer; Buckley arrived after making a circuit of North Cheshire, and Green Major came out through Davenham. The Skipper and Webb on the tandem with Green Minor hanging on (sometimes) went round by Marton and Twemlow Green, seeing a bit of the Grosvenor Wheelers' "25" on the way and picking up Collins near the Three Greyhounds. After tea Boss Higham and party steered straight up the main road for home, but the tandem party went out for a little training spin, meeting the Boss's party later on. Altogether a very successful afternoon.

S. J. BUCK,

Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR JUNE, 1913.

	Light up
June 7th.—Hoo Green (Kilton), Photo Run	9-33 p.m.
„ 9th.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
„ 14th.—Eaton, near Tarporley (Red Lion)	9-39 p.m.
„ 20/21.—All-Night Ride, Aberystwyth. Circular to follow	9-42 p.m.
„ 28th.—Farndon (Raven)	9-42 p.m.

Full Moon, 18th instant.

Secretary's Notes.

16, CROXTETH GROVE,

LIVERPOOL.

The ALL-NIGHT RIDE takes place on the 20th and 21st June. Supper is scheduled at the Wynnstay, Ruabon; breakfast at the Bear Hotel, Newtown. If it is your intention to support the fixture, in part or for the whole trip, please advise me so that I may make the necessary arrangements.

Mr. C. J. Conway has again very kindly offered to take the CLUB PHOTOGRAPH, and the Committee have settled upon Hoo Green on the first Saturday in June as the place and time. Our best way to show Mr. Conway our appreciation is to give him a very big subject to operate upon.

Application for Membership.

Mr. John Lawrence Mahon, 40, Church Street, Hyde, Cheshire. Proposed by C. H. Turnor, seconded by F. D. McCann.

New Addresses.

H. Dakin, "Merana," Tennyson Road, Mill Hill, London, N.W.; J. R. Wells, junr., "Crofton," Freshfield Road, Freshfield; D. France, 57,

Nedwood Street, Queens Park, Manchester; Lionel Cohen, 26, Hartington Road, Liverpool.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

If any member lost or found any article round the course on Whit Monday, McCann will be pleased to hear from him, as several persons have written who have either something to restore or wish to recover something lost.

Collins was not content with winning our "50," he also won the Manchester Wednesday "50" four days later, his time for the latter ride being 2 hrs. 38 mins.

Treasurer's Note.

Donations to the Prize Fund have been received from G. E. Carpenter, W. P. Cook and D. France. Further donations and outstanding subscriptions will be thankfully received, and I shall attend the Hoo Green run with a big bag for the purpose. DO IT NOW.

R. L. KNIPE, Hon. Treas.

FIXTURES.

50 Miles Unpaced Handicap.—Week-end Hawkstone, April 26th.

If you want to know what the weather was like ask Knipe, Cody, Cook and Royden, who rode down against a veritable S.W. gale, accompanied by plenty of rain. As Lowcock informed all the checkers "Its the adjectival limit," and no one was found courageous enough to dispute his statement. As a result of the awful weather, accompanied by punctures and trouble in the Shirty Archer ("I have never yet known a Shirty Archer go wrong," vide "Ixion" in "Sunday Chronicle.") Knipe and Cody arrived late at Shawbirch, and both Cohen and Dick Seed went wrong, but as the former punctured, and the latter skidded and smashed his front wheel in trying to take Crudgington corner too fast the result was not affected in anyway. Twelve names figured on the card, but neither France nor Band started. Poole started the 10 competitors prompt to time, and it was soon apparent that the race was a gift for Collins with his 15 minutes start, while Grimshaw was fastest right from the word go. McCann was troubled with his bottom bracket, and never shaped at all, while Stephenson was overgeared for such a day, and Carpenter and Jack Seed were struggling manfully with the awful conditions. Hodges and Lowcock were riding really well, but Grimshaw had 7 minutes in hand at 36 miles, and looked like doing 2-45, which would have been wonderful on such a day. However the strenuous work he had put in told its tale, and he tired somewhat towards the finish with the result that his time worked out at 2-48-52, which gave him 3rd and fastest. Collins finished in 2-55-3, and was easily first, while Hodges just beat Lowcock on actual time by 5 seconds and secured 2nd place with 2-52-57, with Lowcock fourth in 2-53-2. These were the only men to beat 3 hours as McCann's time was 3-6-33, Stephenson's 3-8-52 and Seed's 3-24-3. Of course the times look slow, particularly if you were comfortably seated at home before the fire, or if you employed the rattler against the gale, but those who battled with the elements will no doubt agree that to beat 3 hours on such a day required a lot of doing, and we are therefore pleased to find Grimshaw, Hodges, Lowcock and Collins showing such excellent form, which augurs very well for the season. It was a great pity Dick Seed and Cohen struck trouble, but it is all part of the best game in the world, and

they are too keen to be discouraged thereby. After the race an excellent tea was very grateful and comforting, and all those who were week-ending made for Hawkstone, where the party numbered 15, including Mr. George Milne, who slept in a light weight cycle tent on the lawn to the amazement of Mrs. Manley. A good old-fashioned evening was spent in song and story, John Sunter presiding at the piano, and the Mullah daring us to sing in turns. Mr. Milne most appropriately sang "The Scout;" K. O. Enen recited "From Sandbach unto Crewe," and Turnor gave us "Jacks the Lad," while the Apostle growled out something about "Its a Long Time to Come"—but the stories were the main feature, and flowed like a never-ending torrent until 1-30 g.m., when we escorted Mr. Milne to his virtuous and secluded couch which someone had stuffed with holly!! Sunday morning was showery, but we all turned out for the usual Park exploration, except Venables (who departed early in the rain instead of waiting for the fine afternoon), Poole, Williams and Mr. Serginson, who were afraid of getting their feet wet, and Turnor, who went to look for some friend in Wem. Britten very early jibbed at the climbing, but Green and Messrs. Milne and Burnside were greatly delighted with the Park's beauties as guided to by F. H. and McCann, with Oliver Cooper, Cook, Sunter and J. Seed as aides. After dinner we had a most interesting camp pitching "command performance," and Mr. Milne showed us how he could erect his tent complete in 4 minutes 16 seconds, as timed by H. Poole, R. R. A. and N. R. R. A. official timekeeper, and then after the usual and some unusual photographs the party split up. The Poole car left for Gresford, and the Sunter car arranged to meet the Liverpool men at Hinderton for tea, so the mere cyclists proceeded to Whitchurch, where Turnor, Green and F. H. split off for Manchester, and the other four continued to Chester, via Eaton Park, where the Dee floods were viewed. At Chester we met and had afternoon tea with the Sunter car party, and Mr. Milne was forced to take train, owing to his back tyre "klapsing," but finally the seven again foregathered at Hinderton for tea, and it was a glorious evening for the run home. It should be recorded that at Hawkstone the following wire was received "Non-delivery new machine prevents me joining party. Good time all WOODROSSE." This was evidently from Timbertiles, and it is safe to say his good wishes were amply realised.

Items.

Worth and Toft checked at Crudgington, while Zambuck and Edwards officiated at Hodnet, and afterwards rode back through pouring rain.

Knipe and Cody got their tandem made rideable at Shawbury, but after the gruelling it had given them they wisely invested in home rails at Whitchurch.

Mr. Burnside proved a splendid raconteur, and caused T. W. J. B. to be very busy with his little notebook.

Mr. Milne was nicknamed "The Cave Dweller," and F. H. certainly seemed to be "biting," so do not be surprised if The Master adds camping to his many other accomplishments! He will certainly have to obtain an "igsolory" engine then, for he will not find farmers carts powerful enough to tow him when freighted.

The Mullah made an excellent debut as Captain in charge of the racing men, and looked after them so well, both before and after the race, as to earn their cordial appreciation eloquently voiced by Hodges and Collins.

Dick Seed was very kindly taken into Shrewsbury by Poole in his car, unwittingly causing Harry to alter his programme, and he is particularly grateful.

Whipping Stocks, May 3rd.

The weather conditions on the occasion of this run left much to be desired, and of the 16 members present it is probable that all got a soaking before they reached home. The reason that the last statement is not more definite is because Buckley ridiculed the idea of getting wet. It seems he had toddled out slowly enveloped in macintosh from head to foot, giving a contrast to France, our new member, who had ridden from Whitchurch without a cape and clad in alpaca. Of the 16 riders present 8 hailed from Manchester and 8 from Liverpool, so the two cities were equally represented. Some of the Manchester members went to view the the Wheelers' "50," and though there was less wind and more rain than on the previous Saturday, when we had a similar event, it was like history repeating itself to watch Fred Lowcock again wallowing in a bath of mud. At tea Sub-Captain Stephenson tackled the carving of the roast cow in a masterly manner, the carving of the roast sheep having been already undertaken by the Captain, who chose it on account of its comparative simplicity. After tea it is believed that most of the members made more or less of a bee-line to their homes (or other destinations) the only known exception being the tandem combination of Cook and Dick Seed, who lured the Skipper to Birkenhead via Chester. The tandemons in question had the satisfaction of knowing that they "did it all over" their victim.

The Skipper says life is not always monotonous; he did not find it so whilst returning from Hunts Cross after the Handicapping Committee Meeting at Hunts Cross, for between Warrington and Cheadle Heath he had a "spell of glorious life," which included a broken spoke, a puncture in each tyre, a collision with a drunken man and a broken chain, which necessitated a walk of several miles. Enough eh? He thinks that the good fairy who usually looks after his welfare was on holiday.

Whitchurch, May 10th.—Invitation "100" Miles Unpaced Handicap, May 12th and Week-end Shrewsbury.

The small muster at Whitchurch makes one wonder if it really is worth while fixing any official tea place for the Saturday preceding the "100." This year we mustered 9. I heard of parties who travelled down to Shrewsbury by several other routes, and of those who went via Whitchurch several different groups had tea between Chester and there, whilst another had tea at Cuddington. I wonder how many of the 9 who attended this fixture would have preferred some other way of reaching the George, as did the writer, who was one of the absentees. There were really only seven of our own men, as Murphy and Cunningham of the Irish Road Club, on a tandem, are included in the total. These two I hear sparked so freely that Shrewsbury was reached much earlier than expected. I don't know how many were at the George, but my own impression is that we were more numerous than for many years, and there were quite a large number of touring parties for the Sunday, which was fairly fine, although showery. Quite a number did the Hawkstone-Waters Upton circuit, including Toft and Fell, the former of whom doubtless wanted to see Mrs. Owen to ensure that the feeding arrangements for the race were in order. Our President was in great form, and is altogether too modest about his riding capabilities. Hubert Roskell, Cheminais, Worth, James and Bentley went to Shrawardine to see the Castle, which made history in the seventeenth century. Rowatt, Keizerette and McCann went to Tong to see "the village Westminster Abbey." The O'Tatur, Cunningham, Band, Cook and Jack Seed went via the Hope Valley to Bishop's Castle, and thence to Craven Arms and Stokesay Castle, where they were joined by the Irish Racing Party (with the exception of Hattemore, who was with the Skipper and Zambuck on the Hawkstone round). Murphy, Cook and Co., afterwards had tea with the North Road touring party, and returned more or less with them to Shrewsbury in the

wake of a violent storm, that had transformed the roads round Church Stretton to rivers. The Sunday evening is to me a memory of oranges. Hubert had thousands, or at any rate a practically unlimited supply of excellent Jaffas: he appeared to be distributing them to all comers for hours, and I know he had lots left over. That is all I can think of, and thank goodness someone else is "doing" the "100."

THE RACE.

There seems to be rather a difference of opinion as to whether we should encourage such large "fields." Some will say, of course, there are always fresh things to grumble at every year, and the Committee are never right. Such a remark is absurd, as a little honest criticism is wholesome if it is not misconstrued. I am in complete agreement with a prominent racing member of one of the big London Clubs who said that, had the Committee cut off the starts at the 30 minutes' mark, the entry would have been quite large enough. Surely there is no necessity to grant three invitations to some of the weaker clubs. To turn to the most pleasing incident of the "100," we must take off our hats to H. H. Gayler, of the Poly. His performance on such a day well merits the honour of first, fastest and record for the course. When Charles Moss made 5-11-12 record last year, we were very doubtful if it would ever again be beaten, unless the redoubtable Charles beat it himself, and yet with Whitsuntide a full fortnight earlier, and on a vile day, this slim Poly youth wades through a huge field and secures triple honours for his club and for himself. Monday morning broke wet and rather cold, though it was not actually raining when Poole called France to the mark a minute or two before 9 o'clock, but as France did not respond the business of clearing such a large number of riders had to be got on with. This occupied all of two hours, though there were several non-starters, and during this time President Fell was kept exceedingly busy policing the crowd, who yearly seek to overwhelm the riders.

My next move was to Ercall Corner, where the Keizerette was busily engaged in "Flag-wagging" and checking, assisted by Oliver Cooper; here also Goss Green attired in a glad suit, was working like a sprinter in training, handing up drinks. Quite a number had put paid to it up to or before this point, and among them I noticed Jack Brown, Liverpool, and heard of Hattemore of the I.R.C., who was on a trike, having desisted at Chetwynd. Others there were who were looking anything but happy and some who were sitting down to it and saying nothing. Fred Lowcock seemed much amused about something, but had no time for remarks, which is unusual for Fred. Quite a number of men had already found tyre trouble, among them being Norman (N.R.) Selbach and S. L. Jones, all being men who could ill afford to waste time tinkering with machines, in view of the hot times which were being done by Gayler (inside evens), D. M. Stevenson (2-6), A. G. McCloud (2-8) and Grimshaw of ours (2-9), these being amongst the fastest. A furious gale from the S.E. had meanwhile sprung up and many of the men were beginning to feel the effects of it going down from Shawbury to Shawbirch.

At 63 miles Gayler was riding a comfortable race and seemed to be well among the prizes if he could maintain his effort, for many of the long markers were being tied up with cramp; McCann and Stephenson of ours had been suffering badly from this deadly malady and eventually had to give up. Carpenter, on reaching Walton Corner, also complained of an attack, but kept his trike going till the finish. Grimshaw, Collins, Hodges and Cohen were all going merrily, but Dick Seed was far too highly geared for the day and the course, however he should have persevered with the last ten miles; anyway the experience gained will come in very useful in future events. It is rather a difficult business to give a detailed account

of the race, as my two points of vantage were very little good for comparing the merits of the different riders; and then, of course, it was nearly all "Gayler," quite a Gayler day, as Robin Hood remarks in his "Cycling" article. Merlin of the Poly made his usual mess of the finish; one would think he should know our course by this time, having gone round the last triangle again after finishing one year. This time he refuses to go round at all; of course he is quits, but unfortunately it does not count as a hundred miles. At 87 miles Gayler's time was 4-24 and Burt and McCloud 4-46 each, while Grimshaw took 4-51; Gayler's actual time for the full distance was 5-5-51, which is the most wonderful performance done over our course to date. Notice the length of time between him and A. G. McCloud, who finished second in 5-32-20 and G. C. Burt, who was third in 5-34-53. The Bath Road Club won the team race with an aggregate of 16-54-38; the Unity Club being second with 17-19-32, but if only Lowcock had chosen to ride as an Anfielder we should have secured second team medals with an aggregate of 17-3-29.

Appended are the times of the first 22 in the Handicap:—

Gayler	Polytechnic	5 5 51	... scr.	5 5 51	1 & fastest
Wagstaffe ...	ManchesterWed.	5 3 25	... 30	5 6 25	... 2
Wilson	E. L'pool Whlrs.	5 36 28	... 15	5 21 28	... 3
Holloway.....	W. C. & A. C. .	5 36 19	... 14	5 22 19	... 4
McCloud	M. C. & A. C. .	5 32 20	... 10	5 22 20	... 5
Briggs	Cheadle Hulme.	5 46 17	... 23	5 23 47	... 6
Molyneux	W. C. & A. C. .	5 46 5	... 22	5 24 5	... 7
Rooney	L'pool Pembroke	5 5 26	... 35	5 24 26	... 8
Webb	Bath Road ...	5 35 45	... 10	5 25 45	... 9
Lowcock	Man. Wheelers..	5 45 50	... 20	5 25 50	... 10
Seckerson	Speedwell	5 54 20	... 28	5 26 20	... 11
Taylor.....	Man. Wheelers..	5 50 57	... 24	5 56 57	... 12
Beeston	Leeds R. C.	5 52 23	... 25	5 27 23	... 13
Burkill.....	M. C. & A. C. .	5 37 42	... 10	5 27 42	... 14
Hodges	Anfield ..	5 40 18	... 12	5 28 18	... 15
Goodall	ManchesterWed.	6 3 41	... 35	5 28 41	... 16
Markham, Jun. ...	Bath Road ...	6 36 58	... 8	5 28 58	... 17
Haynes	Man. Wheelers..	5 59 34	... 30	5 29 34	... 18
Burt	University	5 34 53	... 5	5 29 53	... 19
Stock	Polytechnic	5 40 53	... 11	5 29 53	... 20
Hunt	Salford W.	5 57 57	... 28	5 29 57	... 21
Hill	Unity	5 38 15	... 8	5 30 15	... 22

Other times interesting to record:—

Collins.....	Anfield B. C. ...	6 4 4	... 32	5 32 4	... 24
Grimshaw	Anfield B. C. ...	5 37 21	... 5	5 32 21	... 26
Cohen	Anfield B. C. ...	6 14 41	... 42	5 32 41	... 28
Hill	Vulcan ...	5 48 45	... 13	5 35 45	... 31
Bamford	Bath Road	5 41 55	... 5	5 36 55	... 32
Fawley	North Road.....	5 57 8	... 20	5 37 8	... 33
Selbach	University	4 46 57	... 3	5 43 57	... 43
Carpenter (Tri.)...	Anfield B. C. ...	7 19 5	... 60	6 19 5	... 53

Items.

With 5 Irish and 5 Scottish competitors the race this year had quite an International flavour, and both Irishmen and Scotsmen were highly delighted with their reception and with our "well nigh perfect organisation." D. M. Stevenson was close up to Gayler at 63 miles, and showed that he is quite a class rider, but it is too early in the year for Scotsmen to shine against Southern competitors.

All records were broken with 98 entries, 89 starters and 53 finishers; Ireland and Scotland accounted for an extra 10, the team prizes are undoubtedly responsible for the committee extending 3 invitations to some clubs who would otherwise have been asked to send only 2 men, and 11 of our own men figure on the card. Also quite 25 per cent. of the entries were from other Liverpool and Manchester Clubs whom we are bound to consider, as this is practically the only open event of note that most of them can ride in. The anti-advertising clause did not prevent any club being represented and worked without a hitch this year.

The feeding at Waters Upton worked smoothly under the direction of Toft, to whom we are greatly indebted, as also we are to Hubert Roskell for so willingly placing himself and his car at disposal as fast freighter with the drinks for Tern Hill.

The Mullah had dug up an old brooch with the single word "CAPTAIN" on it, which he wore during the week-end above the neat "Anfield" button, and the combination was NOT greatly admired.

The checking, etc., was spread out among a tremendous number. Poole, of course, timed, assisted by Williams and Cook, and they were aided by Percy Cooper, who is unusually quick at figures: he proved himself invaluable with his celerity in working out the times. Seeing that he is not a member of the Club special thanks are due to him for his services so willingly given under most depressing and trying conditions.

Crowcroft, as usual, made himself responsible for the organisation at the Chetwynd Church end of the course, and rendered yeoman service. Edwards was on duty on Lea Bridge, and then checked at Shawbury, where H. Pritchard turned up to help. Boss Higham was quite energetic with Buckley, at Crudgington; Venables, Cotter and Harold Kettle took the Raven and Hodnet checks; Worth and James rendered valuable services at Walton Corner. Zambuck was in charge of the drinks at Tern Hill, while quite a large number, of course, were on duty with Toft at Waters Upton. To all those who assisted—Thanks.

It was good to see Dakin among us again—all the way from London too; Neason came from town also, and worked hard. "Babs" Bailey was much in evidence, Kettle—as before stated—was at the Raven and Hodnet, but where were Everbright and Timbertiles? We should much have liked to inspect that new bicycle, Timber; surely it has been delivered by now?

Tattenhall, May 17th.

For once the Clerk of the weather disappointed us in the right direction, for after a gloomy morning which seemed to promise a very wet afternoon, we experienced a pleasant and unexpected change to sunshine and dry roads. It seemed quite strange to see the members arriving dusty after so much wet weather, and some of the younger and more energetic ones were actually looking warm. We had a fair muster of about twenty-five, but considering the weather and the fact that the country is now getting at its best, I wonder that there were not more out at a pretty place like Tattenhall. Among the first arrivals was Johnny Band on his tandem

with Jack Seed up, and the lesser Seed had been doing some useful training hanging on. They had picked up the Mullah at Broxton and also reported having seen France, who had arrived before them. The chief event of the run was undoubtedly the appearance of Lowey on a bicycle, and as I am quite a fledgling in the Club as far as years of membership go, had not the pleasure of the sight before. He said that he had started at 9 a.m. and arrived at 5 p.m., but he got in a run and that is the main thing. I believe that his effort was due to his having large sums of money at stake on his attendance, which has since been squandered in quenching the abnormal thirst contracted by the homeward journey. The people at the Bear had evidently had word of his intentions as we had carrots on the menu. The motoring contingent consisted of Harry Poole and his usual party, and Oliver Cooper. I hear a rumour which is said to be authentic, that George Poole is going into training again, it is to be hoped that it is true, for we will all be glad to see his name figuring on the race cards again. Cohen and Stephenson arrived together as usual, the former on his latest purchase, on which nearly everyone performed before tea. Cohen seems to be doing rather well on it for a start, as he had burst a tyre on the way out, through trying to climb a canal bridge wall, and I believe that the Mullah already looks upon his record as a thing of the past. The Apostle had been doing an extensive tour round Delamere single handed, and was looking very happy on it. We were all pleased to see Dave Rowatt among the arrivals. There was quite an assemblage in the yard after tea to send off the early starters, and Johnny Band gave a star turn on Cohen's trike, with the result that he almost did quite a lot of damage when he again took over the tandem, and for quite a long time could not make out what was the matter, and of course his engineer came in for some considerable abuse. We had quite a large party on the way home, as far as the Whitchurch Road, when by some means a fire was ignited which divided the crowd into several parties, one section journeying home via Eaton Park and Hinderton, another by the Park and Lower Road, whilst another group took the shortest route home.

Manchester was represented by the Mullah, who had been touring for a day or two, and Green Minor, the latter accompanied by a prospective member—Mahon of the Yorkshire Roads Club—whom he had been initiating into the correct Anfield method of reaching a rendezvous—by taking the longest way round. The return journey had only one incident—a yokel in Eaton gave a remarkably faithful imitation of an expiring tyre which caused two members of the party to slow up and investigate, much to the amusement of the yokel's lady friends, and of the Mullah, who must have had some before and wasn't taking any this time. A short stay at Knutsford for lubrication was the only break in an enjoyable ride over dry moonlit roads such as we haven't had for far too long, and Altrincham was reached at a most respectable hour.

Wrexham, May 24th.

"To obtain the pleasure of your company, we shall be happy to travel at your pace," said the Mullah over the wire, on Saturday, and of course I promised not to scorch. So at 2-30 p.m., as per time table (wind and tide kindly permitting), I was outside (that is, on the wrong side) of the Bank at Altrincham, having arrived there after a painful progress through Manchester's rural delights. (Is there a railway between Manchester and Altrincham? If so, I patronise it next time, thank you). Right on time came the Mullah, with young Mahon from a place generally called Ull or Oil (but spelt Hull). The Green Person was loitering about the precincts of the Bank with intent, &c. As we set off, Altrincham took advantage of the opportunity to export a quantity of wet tar and dry puncture material. There followed a very fine tour of at least six miles. Then, when we were in a lane with a desirable chemical works close by, the air concluded to

fizzle out of my back tyre. Had I been alone, such a world shaking event would have (perhaps) caused me to seek refuge in the rattler, but in the presence of these Anfielders I was on my mettle—in fact, on my Roman rim. So I set to work to make a repair, an easy task when you know how. I knew how, and it is worthy of note that it was the Mullah and the Green Person and Mahon who dirtied their hands. I looked after the entrancing skenery. With the aid of a borrowed bucket of water, we (ahem) soon made a repair and at once “got on with it”—for ten yards. Then, with the aid of another bucket of water—same bucket but different water—we repaired the tyre some more, the same band of willing workers falling over one another in their desire to assist. When we re-started (in deadly earnest this time) it was four o'clock (there or thereabouts), and Wrexham was still loitering somewhere between Ruabon and Chester.

At Little Budworth—will the Secretary kindly note our attendance in advance at the following Saturday's run—we stopped for afternoon tea and to give my back tyre a chance of behaving like the one o'clock gun. The same band of willing workers, &c., &c. A long time after five o'clock we set off to smash the Little Budworth-Wrexham record, which is not yet recognised by the N. R. R. A., and we succeeded, duly arriving at the Wynnstay at 7-5 p.m. The advance party, consisting of the Green Person and the young chap from Ull, got on so well and were lost so often, that we all arrived at Wrexham together.

I draw a veil over the tea table scenes, for after all the riding's the thing (see recent “Circular”). In the dining room it was persistently rumoured that others of the Janefield—beg pardon, Anfield—B.C. had attended the fixture, namely, to the extent of 19. (19 plus 4 makes—well, I leave it to you, partner). I saw only scattered remnants of the great army. On the steps of the Hotel was Sir Teddy Worth as large as life, and twice as natural (copyright in U.S.A.). Hasn't he moved since I last saw him there a few months ago? Sir Tommy Royden, Lord of the Manor of Llandegla was also present. Does Tommy ever attend a club run without coming via Llandegla? Near a superb 80 h.p. “S.L.U.T.” was Sunny Jim Williams, leaping high o'er the fence. I fell over (figuratively) my old college chum, Johnny Band, whom I first met in 1886 or 1887, when he and I were among the first 36 boys at the Birkenhead Institute. (How time flies! as the man said on being told that Shakespeare had been dead 200 years). Johnnie is now spectacted and wise. At least he is spectacted. Isn't it wonderful how some people imitate others? I suppose that if Gayler had had a wooden leg, J.B. would be wearing one now! There was also the Mighty Mac, wielder of the secretarial pen. Accompanying him was a party of the name of Cook, alias “The Polite Letter Writer,” alias “Uncle,” alias “The Higher Tranmere Clarion.” Great rejoicings at Wrexham, for Cook had not attended an Anfield run since 17th May, 1913, and don't you forget it.

While the Noble Four surrounded lamb and custard—consecutively, not concurrently—Cook and Mac went out shopping and brought back a brand new linoleum tyre, guaranteed to stand up without being pumped. Then we got on with it, for Cook and Mac and I were bound for Llanarmon O.L. (or words to that effect), to join the Trusty Duplex merchant on a hill finding expedition. The presence of the linoleum tyre was grateful and comforting, for I punctured once again and had to walk the last mile into Llanarmon O.L. I slept up the hillside among the peasticks and handkerchiefs, comprising the Trusty Duplex merchant's wigwam, and was promptly converted to camping—but not to the Trusty Duplex idea.

But that, as Kipling failed to remark, is another story—and how the others got home (or whether they got home) is outside my ken.

P.S.—I hope there is no truth in the rumour that the Committee are passing a rule that in future all visitors must supply a certificate of good health with regard to their tyres before being allowed to join in an Anfield fixture.

P.P.S.—For sale, one complete road racing (?) tyre, of the open-sided type—more open-sided than the makers bargained for.—[Advt.]

P.P.P.S.—Punctures and bursts repaired while you wait. Moderate charges. Apply C. H. Turnor, Manchester.—[Advt.]

“WAYFARER.”

S. J. BUCK,

Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR JULY, 1913.

	Light up.
July 5th.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	9.39 p.m.
„ 12th.—TWELVE HOURS' HANDICAP (Start 8 a.m.)	9.34 p.m.
„ 14th.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
„ 19th.—Broxton (Royal Oak)	9.27 p.m.
„ 26th.—Higher Whitley (Millstone)	9.17 p.m.

Full Moon, 18th inst.

16, CROXTETH GROVE,

LIVERPOOL.

Committee Notes.

At the last Committee Meeting, J. L. Mahon, 40, Church Street, Hyde, Cheshire, was elected an Active Member.

The time of start of the 12-Hours' Handicap was fixed at 8 a.m.; the course the same as last year, and it was decided to allow followers after the expiration of 11 hours. Each competitor must make his own arrangements for a follower, and all followers must place themselves under the direction of Mr. Knipe, at Vicars Cross, at about 6 p.m.

Entries for the "12," accompanied by 5/- to help to cover the cost of feeding, must reach me not later than Saturday (before the Run), 5th July.

The August tour, in accordance with the resolution of the A.G.M., is to the Dublin district. It is hoped that there will be a large party crossing, and it may be possible to get reduced fares if arrangements are put in hand early. Please let me know soon if it is your intention to support the fixture. There promises to be about eight of "ours" riding in the Irish Road Club's "100," so a number of helpers will be wanted.

The "Del Strother" prize, offered for the most meritorious performance in the "100," has been awarded to Lionel Cohen.

F. D. McCANN, Hon. Sec.

MEMS.

H. Pritchard has recently returned to the fold and is riding a bicycle again: we hope to see him at a very early date. He started for The Kilton but had a nasty spill on the tram lines in Warrington, damaging his knee, but I hear he is hoping to soon be seen again in the saddle.

Hodges did fastest time in the Cheadle Hulme "50" last month, and Grimshaw, who was also riding, beat his previous best time for that course.

The Trieycle Trophy, which will probably be competed for in our next year's "100," gave an added interest to the recent Kingsdale "50," and was won by H. G. Cook, whose time was 2.40.51.

Both the Bath Road and Anerly Clubs have adopted the anti-advertising clause for their invitation events this year.

It is hoped that when fixing up their followers for the last hour of the "12," competitors will not interfere with the checkers for the distant points, as they are difficult to find at any time.

Extract from the "Irish Cyclist":—

"The Misses Rodgers, of Leeds, . . . are coming to Ireland . . . on the August Bank Holiday for the purpose of seeing the 100 miles invitation race of the Irish Road Club." Will Lizzie B., and other friends kindly accept this—the only—intimation, and send in their names to Mac at once if not sooner. We can see all the makings of a pleasant holiday, and as the start and finish are within *walking* distance of Dublin, even the feeblest can come and enjoy themselves.

All Night Rides.

I am faced with the proposition of writing about something which, at first sight, does not appear to have much substance. Still one can look upon the subject of all night riding, and especially club all night riding, from several points of view. First let us take the point of view of the man who loves his bed; if you mention the matter to him, he immediately becomes languid and tells you that, "if you like it, well and good, but anyway, it's of no great importance to the community at large, or it's not going to affect the bank rate, and I'm hanged if I'd be tempted to go with you, that's flat." Then there is the point of view of the man who was *fairly* fit last year, and went. This year he has done no riding worth mentioning and has therefore become a dreadful post-impressionist, painting a horrid distorted picture of the last "All Night." I leave you to imagine the effect of his jaundiced words upon the novice, as he ponders, with a certain amount of misgiving, over a distance in the dark which he would think nothing of in daylight. Then of course, there is the enthusiast; no need for much talk about him. The All Night Ride to Aberystwyth was fixed at the last A.G.M., and if it had been to Peshawar or some other far off place, no matter, he made up his mind to go on that A.G.M. night (if still alive). So there he is at the appointed place long before time, eagerly discussing the prospects for the night, and generally getting into a great state of excitement. Have you ever been the artful dodger, who having left early, has been able to obtain at say, 60 miles, a good supper and an hour or two of sleep? It is a great scheme and some men say it helps them to enjoy the ride, though I must confess I do not like breaking my first sleep. It is purely a matter of taste; some take kindly to it and others do not, but I am rather inclined to think that with some it is not a case of like or dislike at all, it is simply a matter of course which might very well be attributed to a howling infant in what ought to be the still watches of the night. One of the institutions which helps to make our night ride interesting and enjoyable is the schedule which, if strictly adhered to, takes away a good deal of the terror which the sight of three tandems inspires at the

start. In any event, tandems are a nuisance on an all night ride, and should be either sternly dealt with by the Captain or severely left to their own devices. They should never be allowed to hit the pace up to such an extent that schedule is well beaten at each halting place. Talking of halting places reminds me of the feeding, which seems to give the soundest of results. Light food and often is the best method, though I have seen men consuming chops and steaks before 3 a.m. For the benefit of our newer members I may mention that the all night ride is not merely a pleasure affair, it carries a lesson with it too, the idea being to teach novices to keep their eyes open during a prolonged effort at night, so for this reason if for no other, all 24-hour aspirants should take advantage of the fixture. There are lots of queer little incidents connected with all night riding, for instance, how unusual to be abroad and exceedingly busy when, as Kipling *does* say, "The dawn comes up like thunder." Have you ever listened for the first bird-voice welcoming the return of King Sol, or watched the drowsy cottagers while passing through some old world village, inhaling their first breath of sweet, pure air, a commodity they never indulge in during sleep time; you see their windows were never meant to open. Here also is a very trying circumstance—you have just decided that afternoon tea would be quite a good line, but on consulting your watch you find it is only 10.30 a.m. It is astonishing what a mess an all night ride can make of one's time guessing capabilities. I need hardly advise any Anfielder to look well to his tyres before going on an ALL Night, though a man who affects groggy tyres ought to be told that repeated trouble means a quickening up of the schedule and consequent discomfort to others, in spite of what the circular says about it being, "In no sense a speed ride," it is only reasonable to suppose that the more frequent the delays the hotter will be the pace. Another point worth remembering is clothing. The old blue and black sweater does not take up much room, and will be found to be real good value. Nearly always about this time of the year, extremely cold mists are to be met with in low lying country, just after dawn, especially if the night has been warm. Of course this advice is not intended for the old heads, or for that matter, for those who are likely to scoff at it, but we have a number of young and promising racing men who would surely profit little by their "All Night," if a chill contracted on it was to be the means of undoing all the good they had done themselves, in training, previous to this fixture.

RUNS.

E.A.B.

Little Budworth, May 31st.

Its no use grumbling about the wind, what is good for the Manchester section is bad for the Liverpool section and vice versa. Besides the slower you go the more opportunity you have for admiring the scenery and enjoying the country lanes, which are now at their best. The guercus sessiliflora has beaten the fraxinus excelsior in the race for leafing, an omen which points, if there is any truth in the old proverb, to a good summer. The balmy influence of the season extends even to the chauffeur who plays the cyclists' dirge on his gabriel.

The air was full of gladness and motor dust and things, and the Grosvenor Wheelers were having a "50," so the advance guard of the Manchester section journeyed to Allstock to see the victims despatched Whilst the operation was being performed the Skipper arrived with Teddy Webb on the back seat of the twicer, and, hanging on, the young man from Hull, Elland, Halifax district. Crowcroft not being very certain of travelling further, the Mullah with his usual courtesy invited Green Major to kill himself a little behind the tandem, an invitation which was enthusiastically declined. The situation was saved by the arrival of Buckley, who had been round to Chelford to pick up a bicycle he had left there on an

(imaginary) otter hunting expedition. The Smart Set being persuaded, the company separated, the Mullah's party travelling via Middlewich and other foreign parts and the others by Whitegate to the rendezvous. Here a good muster was soon made up, conspicuous being Johnny Band, with spectacular effects, and Teddy Worth, who had captured the *eriophorum polystachion* and displayed it in his button hole. At tea, a novelty was introduced in the shape of a rabbit and rook pie, which was carved and highly praised by the member for Haut Ton, so much so that he got no second helping. The Skipper attended to the beef and Teddy Edwards to the lamb. During tea Jack Seed and Green Minor turned up, the latter in some perplexity. He had been round through Nantwich and Bunbury trying to lose himself, so as to find out where he got wrong on the Wrexham journey. He had discovered nothing however but his appetite—and the rest of us sat round in awed silence while he lost *that*. During tea the rain came down heavily, but cleared up directly after. The usual chat and chaff being over, the party began to think of home, the first division to start being the Cheadle Hulme contingent. But when the machines were brought out, Green Major's front tyre was discovered to be in a very interesting condition. Nothing came of it however. It was only wind in the wrong place. It was a beautiful evening and the ardent naturalist should have had no difficulty in making a varied collection of entomological specimens in his optics.

Hoo Green, June 7th.

In spite of the westerly gale I was fool enough to ride in that direction for the first four miles, to meet an alleged friend, although the direction of the run was East.

Having found the aforesaid friend, I praised the Lord and turned my my back to the howling gale, and together we ambled quietly along for a space. The peace was soon broken, however, by a motor-cycle and sidecar coming up behind. Imbued with a false feeling of fitness (very, very false), we attempted to hold it, with very disastrous results to windbags.

Profiting by this lesson, a truce was called, and Warrington and Lostock Gralam were reached in comparative quietness, and after a stop at the Windmill to replenish tanks, we went to Hoo Green to look for the Run.

It was there all right—or at any rate some of it—in Glad Rags and playing bowls. Ven appeared to be the fittest at this, and the latest score I heard of his was "four up and three to play." Cohen was $3\frac{1}{2}$ not out, while Tommy Royden was hopelessly dropped.

More men arrived, but no one touched Ven's party in originality. Cotter and Dave Rowatt were his partners in crime, and their method was to take their bicycles by train to Warrington and then take a taxi from there to Hoo Green, proceeding home in the same way.

We were all pleased to see Dave Fell out per cycle and his son and heir on the back seat of Billy Toft's tandem.

The Mullah arrived and greeted everyone in his usual very polite manner and, what was probably of more interest to the gluttonous ones, announced that tea was ready.

Following the usual disgraceful scramble upstairs, where other doubtful characters were already installed, seated alone at the table I noticed a youth with curly auburn locks and wondered where I had seen it before. At last I located it. 'Twas one, Billy Jones.

There was a great muster, 39 all told, come to see Charlie and his stockings, to say nothing of his camera.

After tea a movement was made once more to the bowling green, where a lot of manoeuvring went on for the Photo ceremony. It was deemed advisable to keep the long trousers out of sight lest we be taken for a Bowling Club.

After waiting for Stephenson, who strolled into sight at last, working out on his fingers how much 39 odd-sized teas plus tips should be, we were taken about five times and then released. We ought to make a fine group with all those fine looking chaps there.

Everybody seemed to remember his home early that night, and a move was immediately made. A very select party were ambling quietly along to Warrington, when a speed tandem, steered by Knipe and stoked by Cody, dashed past near Latchford. Cohen—on trike—and Stephenson immediately bit, and the Select Party knew them no more. I believe they also picked up Teddy Edwards in Warrington. All I know.

Buckley was not out on an all-grey three-wheel cruiser (or should it be called a fishing smack).

The Master arrived very late, and had to undertake the terrible task of having his photograph taken on an empty stomach.

Ven's new joy suit was a sight for the Gods. It should make the picture quite tony.

"Councillor" Lowcock was out. In fact everyone of note was.

Eaton, June 14th.

Three Manchester men and about a score from Liverpool supported this fixture. It is the first run to Eaton, since I have been a member at all events, and it is just the type of destination we should seek. The tea was quite satisfactory, and though the light meal does not meet with universal approval, there is no doubt the majority are pleased with these teas—when the weather is warm.

The Manchester men, the Mullah, and the two Greens, arrived in three instalments, E. Green having done a useful all-day ride, which included a search for Shawbirch. When asked if he found it, he evasively replied that he now knows where it is. Two tandems put in an appearance, Knipe and Cody and Toft and Owen; two tricycles were on view, Cook and Cohen, the latter looking quite dejected after tea, as Stephenson departed without him very early. Mac and Dick Seed arrived rather late, having been on a training spin to Whitechurch. The benches, temptingly placed outside for us, did not hold us long, for all departed early, some for Runcorn, some for Warrington and others for Chester by routes various. Royden, I believe, had quite a lot of tyre trouble in the lanes near Egg Bridge, but I suppose all reached home some time: I did I know. As I was riding alone, both out and home, with the exception of about ten miles, I am at the end of my tether.

All-Night Ride, June 20-21st.

Unfortunately there was a shower of rain during the evening, which only served to lay the dust, but it certainly resulted in two refusing to start, although it had been perfectly fine for 1½ hours, and the stars were shining when the party barged off from New Ferry. We numbered eight—Cohen (trike), Stephenson, Mac, Jack Seed, Ven and Morris (tandem), Hawkes and Cook (trike)—and it is a long time since an all night ride was carried out under such perfect weather conditions, for the night was warm and the day not too hot, while glorious sunshine prevailed. At Chester we found "Young" Green waiting for us, and just outside Wrexham Sunter's car party (consisting of Harry Poole, Williams, Mr. Bateman, and himself) passed us, so at Ruabon we were our lucky 13, and had a splendid feed—undoubtedly the best mid-night feed we have ever had. Green accompanied us to just beyond Chirk, where he turned off for Overton and home, as business claimed him, and just outside Oswestry the 3-speed gear of the tandem collapsed, and we regretfully had to leave Ven and Morris to await

the opening of cycle shops to get a new wheel, with the result that we never saw them again until they arrived at Aberystwyth at 7-20, although a telegram from Llanidloes advised us they had been successful and were pushing on. At Newtown we were 20 minutes ahead of schedule, and were joyed to find that The Master was indeed waiting for us—so we were 11 for breakfast. And thus the ride continued without any particular incidents except our full enjoyment of the open road and the sole tyre trouble, a puncture of one of Cohen's side tyres, which was speedily changed. At the Devil's Bridge we decided to spend some time after lunch in saturating ourselves with the wonderful scenery, and finally the last of us got to the Talbot at 4-0, and thus had carried out another all night ride that was generally considered to excel all predecessors in scenery and interest of route and under weather of the very best order.

Mullah and Webb (tandem) came through on Saturday, and arrived at 11-10, so the party at Aberystwyth was 15.

Items.

Cotter and Dick Seed showed their interest in the event by coming down to New Ferry to see us off.

How we got home will be "continued in our next."

Newtown was gaily decorated, but we found it had nothing to do with our visit, but concerned the Annual Sports.

Instead of crossing the ford at Dyffryn Castell we kept on the direct road to Pont Erwyd before turning for Devil's Bridge, and found it much the better way.

A post card from Carpenter regretting his inability to join us and hoping we were having a good time was found awaiting our arrival.

S. J. BUCK,
Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR AUGUST, 1913.

	Light up
Aug. 1st to 4th.—Tour in Ireland, for Irish Road Club's Invitation "100."	
Headquarters: Cranville Hotel, Dublin	9-3 p.m.
August 9th.—Broxton, (Royal Oak)	8-51 "
" 11th.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
" 15th & 16th.—24 Hours Ride, starting at 9 p.m.	8-38 "
" 23rd.—Little Budworth (Red Lion)	8-24 "
" 30th.—Wrexham (Wynnstay)	8-9 "

Full moon 16th instant.

Secretary's Notes.

16, Croxteth Grove,
Liverpool.

New Address: W. L. George, Telephone Exchange, Dacre Hill, Rock Ferry.

The "24" is to be held on Friday and Saturday, 15th and 16th August. A large number of Checkers and helpers are wanted, also followers for the finish. It is proposed to allow competitors to be followed for some distance towards the end of the ride—the probable distances will be 275 miles for safeties and 250 miles for tricycles. Entries, accompanied by 10/6 to help cover feeding expenses, must reach me by Saturday, 9th inst.

No special arrangements have been made for runs for the August tour, but it is proposed to fix up some runs for the Saturday and Sunday. If it is your intention to support the Tour please let me know so that I may reserve the necessary accommodation on the steamers. It is likely that if we make up a big party that we may get special reduced fares on the Dublin steamer. The Club will be represented in the race by eight members, so a good number of helpers will be needed. Special terms have been arranged with the Granville Hotel, Dublin, of 7/6 each for Dinner, Bed and Breakfast. The steamer leaves the Nelson Dock, Liverpool, on Friday night, at 9-30 and on Saturday night at 10-30.

The North Road "24" is to be held on 12/13th September—members interested may have full particulars upon application to me.

F. D. McCANN, Hon. Sec.

MEMS.

Grimshaw made fastest time in the Grosvenor Wheelers Invitation "50," his time being 2.30.35. Webb had so far recovered from his excellent performance in the "12" as to do 2.44.27. Hodges's luck seems to be out, as he came off through colliding with a car, though luckily without damage, except to his machine.

Billy Owen has been offered and has accepted the Managership of the Menai Bridge Branch of the Bank, and will shortly be removing. We are all very sorry to lose you Billy, but it will not be a total loss. How handy it will be for the Easter Tour!

Training and Getting Fit.—By One who never does either.

Don't be misled by the latter part of the headline, read on and you may possibly obtain some information which may prove useful. I never train because I'm lazy and do not get fit in consequence, but that's beside the point altogether. *You can* get fit, you young fellows who have but lately joined the ranks of the A.B.C. I'm a Y.F. myself, but a lazy rascal, as I said before, and what's more I'll anticipate some of the ready wits by calling myself a fool for not having endeavoured to reach the scratch mark long ago. Well you Y.F's, you do a lot of road riding, I know, but do you do anything else. Do you ever feature on our one and only Stanley Track, or at Fallowfield, that Mecca of Manchester speed men? If not you should do so while the evenings are fine, warm and long, for remember that five miles fast on the track are worth thirty on the road if you follow up those five fast miles with a good rub down. I think I may say that very few of your training spins on the road are followed up by massage and special treatment, rather let me accuse you of a lengthy sitting in some smoky, perhaps draughty bar-parlour. One of the many don'ts connected with training is, if you fancy whisky as a training lotion, don't pour it down, just rub it in, though I consider whisky a bad embrocation and a horrid waste of good stuff, if you are in the habit of anointing your body with "White Horse," for instance. Camphorated oil is, to my mind, another lotion which should be left severely alone, as it not only hardens and cracks the skin, and causes general discomfort, but does not seem to help the muscles at all. Olive oil and Elliman's horse embrocation, may be freely rubbed in, but all other embrocations containing a large percentage of turpentine must be barred as they have the same effect as camphorated oil and whisky. I once had myself practically soaked in a mixture of Fusel and olive oil, on the evening before an open "100," and woke up next morning nearly blind to the world, through having passed the night inhaling the fumes from my wretched carcass. I have asked you what else you do besides ride a bicycle on the road; now I will ask you if you ever indulge in skipping, ball-punching, exerciser or dumbbells. If not you should at least try one of these forms of making and keeping the body fit, and a good day's work might very easily be put in if the following routine were observed. Rise at 6 a.m. and have a cold bath, followed by a good rub with a dry Luffa, finishing off with a soft towel and finger massage, then use your Sandow or Hercules for ten minutes, performing the exercises given in the book, after which dress and take a short walk before breakfast. I can promise that you will eat a hearty meal and feel good for your daily tasks, and the fast work on the track in the evening, about one hour after dinner. Of course I am taking it for granted that you are doing enough riding to club-runs, to enable you to stay the distance for something more than a "100," and I merely lay down this routine to help you to get speed. Some men will not agree with me about the cold bath, but I do not think it does any harm unless one suffers from kidney trouble or is a martyr to rheumatism. Anyway it's a matter of opinion and one which I never care to force upon other people. Sometimes you will come across a man who is riding against you, and Father Time, in a "50" on the following Saturday. He is, we will say, a cigarette smoker himself and, happening to catch you

smoking a fag, expresses great surprise at your foolishness in view of the coming event. On making enquiries you will probably find this precious humbug has ceased to indulge in the fragrant weed since the previous Club-run. I tell you, that's no use, you might just as well smoke up to the word "Go" as give up a week in advance; it doesn't help your wind a scrap unless you can decide to forego tobacco at least three months before your first "50." One of the greatest helps to muscle loosening is the skipping rope, and if you persevere with it you will find it will make a wonderful difference to your wind. It is, however, a decidedly warm pastime, so you must take care you do not catch cold or all the good you have done will disappear like wax before a flame. The massage and rubbing must be gone through after skipping or it will only tire your muscles and probably bind them. Try to be regular and temperate in your habits, and you will with the aid of the foregoing hints, perhaps come back to scratch easier than you think.

The Return from Aberystwyth.

Sunday morning brought a "pride of the morning rain," which again only served to lay the dust, and after breakfast, in brilliant sunshine, the small crowd barged off following Stephenson's "This way to Liverpool" label on his Tourabag, even as we had followed the other labels "This way to Aberystwyth," and "Sub-Captain" on the way down. The Master, Mac, and Cook were taking two days for the return, so remained behind, while the rest made their way North to Machynlleth, where Hawkes continued on to Corris and Dolgelly for lunch, Bala, Corwen, Ruabon and Chester, and the others proceeded to Mallwyd, where they had an altercation with the landlord, who refused them lunch, and Cann Office where a record breaking lunch was devoured. Thence continuing to Meifod and Oswestry, the Ven-Morris tandem sought the rattler at Gobowen, and the Mullah-Webb tandem went on to meet Mahon at Bangor-is-y-coed for tea, while Stephenson, Cohen and Jack Seed joined the car party at Ruabon, and later were *caught up by Hawkes* this side of Chester! Indeed the riding of Hawkes was quite the feature of the outing, and he has every reason for being proud of the greatly improved form he showed. Finally New Ferry was reached, and the party broke up quite happy and satisfied with a glorious holiday tour of 225 miles, which makes one wonder why more of our members who can "take Saturday morning off" do not take advantage of these All-night Rides for seeing new country. Now that there is practically no tour over August Bank Holiday, and some men grumble at Easter being devoted to North Wales each year, one would think that there would be a crowd eager to get away from Cheshire and Shropshire, and break new ground such as is offered so conveniently by All-night Rides to such places as York, Warwick and Aberystwyth.

The Master seemed sad that his poem could not be appropriately recited at the Devil's Bridge, and went off alone to Dinas Mawddy, but the poem is such a classic that it ought to appear in print and herewith follows:—

"Pont y Gwr Drwg."

THOMAS WALTER JOHN is coming, Hail to Thomas, Walter, John,
 With his book of anecdotties, All is well and woe begone,
 Shire Montgomery must know him, Newtown's Bear shall feel his seat
 Solid like the Rock of Ages, Yet to women fair a treat.
 There he'll sit and sup his whiskey, Drain of ale the pewter can
 Rise like Lucifer o' morning, For the Bridge of "Evil Man."
 See him climb the 'Steddfagurig, Dash the watersplash, then pat
 Down three thousand steps of Mynach, Reach the Cave of Plant de Bat.
 Widespread wait the Arms of Hafod, Drink is there and toil is done
 Whence the narrowgauge shall carry, Coastways

THOMAS WALTER JOHN.

Mac and Cook had a rather ambitious programme over what F. H. declared to be "saucey roads," so they started South with 195 miles before them for the two days, and quite prepared if necessary to invest in Home Rails at Shrewsbury. The first 5 miles certainly were a bit grafty with short steep rises, but the magnificent sea views between Llanrhystyd and Aberaeron amply repaid, and then turning East with the wind behind Lampeter was reached in good time for dinner. Out of Lampeter a climb of 1,000 feet had to be negotiated, but it was found so evenly graded 1 in 18 that it was child's play. Pumpsaint and Bridgend were passed through, and Llandoverly reached for afternoon tea; whence followed the glorious and easy ascent of the Sugar Loaf Pass, and the exhilarating drop to Llanwrtyd Wells, followed by easy going through Beulah to Garth, and then some very steep drops and rises on a badly engineered road into Builth for tea. In the cool of the evening the ride was continued through Llandrindrod Wells to Penybont, and then on local advice it was decided to push on to Knighton, and although the road climbed to 1201, dropped to 686, climbed again to 1157, and dropped to 573 at Knighton the rises were so perfectly engineered that the only walking to be done was on the very steep winding descent into Knighton, and there is no doubt they were taking the road the right way. Here they stayed at the surprisingly fine Norton Arms Hotel, and fared well. Early Monday morning torrential rain fell, but it was quite fine before breakfast, and their good luck continued, for the wind had veered to the Southwest, and literally blew them home. It is certainly a saucey road to Clun over two ranges of hills with New Invention in a veritable hole, but it was not all that bad and the scenery was grand. At Clun there was a short shower, and Mac gave an exhibition of what motor cyclists call "dare devil cornering" and "foot slogging" until he "conked out"—but to Bishops Castle was easy enough, and the climb to Gravells was what the Keizerette would call "dangerously fast," so they were soon dropping merrily down the Hope Valley to Minsterley, where they lunched and incidentally solved the mystery surrounding the Bath Road Club's "attraction" to this spot each Whitsuntide. From Minsterley all was plain sailing to Ellesmere for afternoon tea, and Chester for a good square meal, and then after a stirrup cup at Hinderton "the tour proper" soon ended after three days of unalloyed enjoyment amid scenery such as those with any touring instinct could not fail to richly appreciate.

The Berwyns.

Having twice crossed the Berwyns from Llanarmon D. C. to Hendre in the Vale of Edeyrnion between Llandrillo and Cynwydd, I was fired with the ambition to tackle the more difficult crossing from Llanrhaiadr-yn-Mochant over Moel Sych (2713 feet) and Cader Bronwen (2573 feet), so after checking in the 12 at Chetwynd Church I made for Llanrhaiadr after picking up Harold Kettle on a trike at Shawbury, and joined two friends at the Wynnstay Arms Hotel, where we were excellently treated and most reasonably charged—only a dollar for supper, bed and breakfast. The ride from Shawbury through Grinshill, Yorton, Myddle, Baschurch, Ruyton of the Eleven Towns, Knockin, Llancllys, Llanyblodwell, and Llangedwyn is certainly as fine a bit of cross country work as one could desire, and we never even saw a motor car! It may at once be said that the Llanarmon crossing by Nant Rhyd Wilym and Afon Llynor is child's-play comparatively, but both crossings of the Berwyns can be strongly recommended to those who appreciate magnificent scenery "off the beaten track." Kettle being on a trike went round by Penybont fawr, Llangynog, Miler Gerig and Bala to await our arrival at the mill at Hendre, and as one of my friends had left his machine at Hendre on the Saturday (the idea being for him to find the best way over for us, which plan miscarried owing to heavy mist forcing him to make his way by dead reckoning) both of them started off to walk as far as the waterfall Pistyll Rhaiadr (4 miles) to which place I rode later. The waterfall is certainly the finest and most picturesque in North

Wales, and well worth a visit, for the road up to it is quite good, and the climbing not very steep. Here the road ends, and coming back $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile we found our path up Nant-y-llyn, and "the tour proper now commenced." The path is quite a good one for 2 miles, and then ceases, but knowing we had to make for Llyn Lluncaws we crossed a tributary stream and followed as nearly as we could the main stream, and it was very heavy work through a lot of what appeared to be wild box. At last we sighted the lake, and gladly sat down for a rest before tackling the rest of the climb. Our intention was to make straight up to the ridge, but a quarryman fortunately appeared over the top, and after giving us advice agreed to not only guide us but to take one of the bicycles which was heavily laden with camping kit, so with our guide leading the way along the side of Cader Berwyn we finally reached some semblance of a track up to Bwlch Maen Gwynedd, where he left us at the commencement of the Ffordd gam Elin, and all was quite plain sailing. By this time hunger had begun to attack the trio, and Bass was quoted at a fabulous price, but at the top of Cader Bronwen a great and joyful surprise awaited us, for the writer's brother, who had heard of the proposed trip, had walked up from Hendre to meet us, and was well equipped with what schoolboys call "tuck" I believe. At anyrate we tucked in with great gusto, and like giants refreshed set off down Ffordd gam Elin, which is a very fair path, partly rideable, and finally becomes a sort of stony road descending steeply to the mill, where we found Kettle "paddling" in the river which, by the help of a patent filter carried by the King of Kampers, we did our best to drink dry! It had taken us $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours to cross from Pystyll Rhaiadr, but you may be sure it did not take us long to "hop it" to a good square meal at Corwen. I rather fancy it might be better to cross in the reverse direction as Ffordd gam Elin is too steep and rough to ride down, the pathless section by Llyn Lluncaws would be taken downhill, and a lot of Nant-y-llyn could probably be ridden down, but this is only theory. What I do know is that the trip was magnificent, and the wild grandeur of the Lake, and glorious view down Cwm-maen Gwynedd will never be forgotten, and I only regret that we had not time to make a detour and visit the Druids Circle so plainly seen on our right as we descended to Hendre. W.P.C.

Farndon, June 28th.

As I am writing this account some time after the above date, and the "12" with all its attendant excitement has intervened, I have almost forgotten the details of the run. It was a fine day and we had a muster of about 23, which was not very grand under the circumstances. We were all pleasantly astonished by the appearance of Charlie Keizer, who was putting in his second run of the year with Sunter's car party, which consisted of the aforesaid Charlie, Jimmy Williams and Lizzie Buck. When I arrived I found that the Tranmere contingent, consisting of Johnny Band, Cook and Lochroy, were early on the scene, probably owing to their usual furious riding. Cohen, Stephenson and Jack Seed shortly rode furiously into the yard preceded by Collins, who had evidently been doing something to them, judging by appearances. The Mullah and Webb were on their tandem, and had left the remainder of their party somewhere with tyre trouble. Webb was complaining of boils, I forgot the exact location, but I think I can well leave it to the imagination of the reader. Bentley had been in trouble with his tyres, and had left two spares in a field in desperation, an act of improvidence which cannot be accounted for in these days of scarce tyres. Mac had also been "finding it," as I saw him repairing what was, I believe, his third spare. The tea was excellent and the strawberries "extra" in more ways than one, and the eggs and bread and butter disappeared with frightful rapidity. One of the Sub-Captains discovered the members at one table trying to reckon the cost per head of strawberries for twelve, eaten by three, of whom I understand Billy Toft and Dick Seed were a good two-thirds. Of course Teddy Edwards arrived late and was shortly followed by

Green Minor and Mahon, who had had the mortification of being held up with tyre trouble within a short distance of where the rest of the party were having afternoon tea. Several parties were formed for the homeward journey, Bentley and Toft and one or two others leaving early, shortly followed by the two Seeds and Johnny Band. The latter party found Teddy Edwards and Lochroy on the Iron Bridge, and Johnny proceeded to perform a long and tedious operation on Teddy's front tyre, during which he discoursed bitterly on the subject of followers in the "12," and afterwards gave vent to his feelings by lighting a fierce blaze from Chester to Hinderton, where he waited for the scattered party to reunite, being later joined by the Sunter car party. This was the first time I had ever been to Fardon with the club and I think the fixture was a great success, the attention at the Raven being excellent.

Knutsford, July 5-13th.

Immediately you entered the "Lord Eldon" Mac wanted 5/-!! This affair settled, a tour of inspection in the stable showed a tandem built for speed, fitted with flat section rims which, needless to say, the Rev. J. C. Band did not approve of. Young Green had some imitation tubulars which Webb was attempting to operate on for appendicitis, I think. Mac was conducting a similar experiment, in fact, every body was doing it!!

The usual contingent arrived via Chester. Teddy Edwards put it right through Stephenson and Cohen until they bit and then all was pax vobiscum during a pleasant spin via Stretton and Gt. Budworth. The Knipe-Cody tandem was found near Tabley conducting an open-air vivisectional process on the tandem's bronchial tubes! When this demonstration came to an end, they promptly showed their companions how they used to put their heads down after Tabley Corner in the early '90's. Result—much perspiration and a good appetite.

The muster only numbered nineteen. Was it because a few imagined they would be let in for a checking contract in the "12," or is Knutsford too far? After the feed, the Handicapping Committee went to business, and during their absence, our Most Rev. friend—Johnny Band—gave the community a slight idea as to how many miles start ought to be given in a twelve hours race. Then he set about Green's tyres, likewise Mac's, and finally the sub-captain's, whom he slandered unmercifully. I hear the latter have gone into strict training, and their telegraphic address is now "Stadium, Liverpool."

The party for Chester on the homeward journey consisted of Cook, Mac, Band, two Bulbs and Cohen. Toft, Knipe, Cody, Stephenson and Edwards made their way for Warrington and, of course, the Mullah and his camp followers departed for their various domiciles in a village somewhere near Manchester. Doubtless, they put in a few by-lane extensions which, so far, I have been unable to ascertain, but I know for a fact that the Greater Seed and Cohen put in a pleasant time over the week-end, staying at Whitchurch on the Saturday night and returning via Shrewsbury, Gobowen and Wrexham on the Sunday.

The "12" was the greatest discussion after tea, and everybody looking so fit, there is every prospect of some good performances being done.

12 Hours Handicap, 12th July.

This event can at once be written down a Success with a great, big, huge, large, capital S. For five years a 12 Hours Handicap was omitted from our Programme, and it was revived last year with such success that it was again included among our racing items. One of the main ideas in re-introducing the event was to give the men a taste for distance work and get them to use the ride as a training spin for the "24." As several of our men, who were previously unknown to fame as distance riders, competed with such conspicuous success it augers well for a good entry for the "24." The names submitted to the Handicappers numbered 13 (the Anfield

lucky number), but as two men elected to ride on a tandem there were only 12 machines to handicap. The actual number of machines competing was still further reduced owing to Grimshaw failing to materialise, he being unable to get away from business. At 8 a.m. Mr. Timekeeper Poole dispatched Cohen (50 miles) who was steering a three-wheeler for the first time in competition. The other competitors were afterwards started at five minute intervals as follows:—J. C. Band (15 miles), H. Green (40 miles), McCann (25 miles), R. P. Seed (35 miles), Mahon (20 miles), J. Seed (40 miles), Stephenson (32 miles), Hodges (15 miles), Collins (22 miles) and Turnor and Webb (Scratch), the tandem combination referred to above. The course used was the same as last year, starting from Christleton through Whitechurch to the Raven, where drinks were dispensed by H. Pritchard and S. J. Buck. For the first few miles the road was like a sea beach and the tandem crew had the distinction of finding trouble in the first mile and a half by puncturing their back tyre. McCann completed a distance of 25 miles when he had similar trouble. From the Raven the course lay to Chetwynd, where Cook officiated, then through the lanes to Crudgington corner, which was the charge of E. Green, and so on to Hodnet (5½ miles) where Edwards and Cody looked after the commissariat department. The times at this point were Band 2hrs. 59 mins., McCann 3hrs., Cohen 3hrs. 18mins., R. P. Seed 3hrs. 2mins., Mahon 3hrs., Green 3hrs. 16mins., Tandem 2hrs. 49mins., Hodges 3hrs., J. Seed 3hrs. 17mins., Stephenson 3hrs. 8mins., Collins 3hrs. On the next stretch through Shawbury to Haughmond corner, where Mr. Parton from Wem was checking, the wind proved troublesome and in the case of Green matters were not improved by the thread of his saddle bolt stripping; this caused him to ride with a short reach and a moveable saddle pin which is not conducive to comfort. On the return journey to Shawbury, where Harold Kettle was checking, some compensation was derived from the wind, which was also mainly helpful to Shawbirch where Friend Mitchell, from Wem, with the assistance of his son, dispensed nectar in the form of home-made lemonade. At the turn by the brick wall, before reaching the checker, Mahon met a dogcart which was on its wrong side and to avoid a collision had to take the grass, a fall ensued which undoubtedly affected his subsequent riding. Up to Hodnet (87 miles) was quite easy and the times at this point were:—McCann 5hrs. 4mins., Tandem 4hrs. 48mins., Mahon 5hrs. 18mins., Cohen 5hrs. 46mins., R. P. Seed 5hrs. 27mins., Collins 5hrs. 14mins., Stephenson 5hrs. 30mins., J. Seed 5hrs. 41mins., Green 6hrs. 4mins., Hodges 5hrs. 30mins. Band did not reach this point, having retired at Crudgington. The triangle via Shawbury, Shawbirch and Crudgington was completed, and then through the lanes to Chetwynd and up to the Raven (128 miles) where the times were:—McCann 7hrs. 39mins., Tandem 7hrs. 13mins., Mahon 8hrs. 10mins., R. P. Seed 8hrs. 28mins., Cohen 8hrs. 50mins., Collins 8hrs., Stephenson 8hrs. 20mins., Green 9hrs. 11mins., and J. Seed 9hrs. 10mins. The last named man had unfortunately been off the course at Shawbirch. Hodges arrived at the Raven, but having lost a good deal of time through tyre trouble and having got very much shaken up by a fall at Shawbury decided to retire. Before reaching Royden at Christleton the Tandem again punctured, within a mile of where they had had their previous trouble. From Christleton the riders negotiated the lanes to Vicars Cross (149 miles) to be greeted by Knipe, Toff, Bentley, Cody, Edwards, Rowatt and Sunter. The times at this point were McCann 8 hrs 50 mins, Tandem 8 hrs. 36 mins., Mahon 9 hrs. 29 mins., Collins 9 hrs. 19 mins., R. P. Seed 9 hrs. 52 mins., Cohen 10 hrs. 15 mins., Stephenson 9 hrs. 43 mins., Green 10 hrs. 44 mins., and J. Seed 10 hrs. 36 mins. It was seen at this point that McCann's chance of doing the longest distance of the singles was gradually improving and that in any case it would be a fight between him and Cohen for first place in the Handicap. The course from here lay in the direction of Nantwich, the riders turning at the 19th Milestone, where Worth was stationed, back to Vicars Cross and then to the Whalebone, where Poole and Williams checked, again back to Vicars Cross and on towards Farndon. The final distances were:—Tandem 206½, McCann 200½, Collins

188 $\frac{1}{2}$, Mahon 185 $\frac{1}{2}$, Stephenson 183 $\frac{1}{2}$, R. P. Seed 181 $\frac{1}{2}$, Cohen 175 $\frac{1}{2}$, J. Seed 170, H. Green 162, Hodges 127. The Handicap placings are Cohen 175 $\frac{1}{2}$ plus 50 equals 225 $\frac{1}{2}$, 1st; McCann 200 $\frac{1}{4}$ plus 25 equals 225 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2nd; R. P. Seed 181 $\frac{1}{2}$ plus 35 equals 216 $\frac{1}{2}$, 3rd. The rides were excellent and it is difficult to state if Cohen's or McCann's was the better performance. It was hard lines on McCann to be beaten by such a small margin, but it would have been equally hard lines on Cohen had the positions been reversed. R. P. Seed thoroughly deserved his third prize and he qualified for gold standard along with Collins, Mahon and Stephenson, all of whom put up some excellent rides. (Collins is debarred from taking a standard medal as he is not a first claim member). The rides of J. Seed and H. Green, though somewhat overshadowed by the other results, are quite good when the circumstances are taken into consideration. Green is to be commended on his pluck though he lacked judgment in not ordering his new machine sooner; for a first attempt on a borrowed machine the result is good, there are many men who would have thrown up the sponge if they had had similar trouble. A good number of tricycles were discovered on the course during the day, and though most of them appeared to be of ancient type and to be used by workmen to convey them to their jobs, still it is quite possible this was part of Cohen's plan and they were really out for him as spares. It is regrettable that when such excellent performances are being done that we have members who will go and watch near Christleton instead of placing themselves at the disposal of the Vicars Cross Official as followers, and it is also regrettable that one member has such a curious idea of humour that after inferring that a competitor's tyre is in a weak state he fires off a pistol to make the rider think it has burst. A race of this sort can't be conducted without the aid of many checkers and helpers and to those who did these duties the thanks of the Club are due even more than to the men who did the rides. C.H.T.

Broxton, 19th July, 1913.

I do not know "what the dickens" to report about this run. There was only a small muster present, probably caused by the holiday season and possibly also through the day being the first Saturday after the "12." The latter reason, I know, caused at least two or three men to abstain from supporting the fixture. Then again, the Grosvenor Wheelers were running an "open" 50—open that is to Manchester District Clubs, and we had riding, but not under A.B.C. colours, Grimshaw, Collins, Hodges and Webb. The total number present was only 17, including George Mercer, whom one and all were right pleased to welcome out again. Among others present was Harold Kettle, at present on holiday, and on the "nearest," or Anfield way back to Sheffield. He went via Llanarmon D.C., with Cook, and then both on trikes, pass storming to Ruabon on the Sunday. The "twins," Cohen and Stephenson, were on "the" tandem and had a long tale of incidents to report on the way out, including a broken chain, 3 spokes broken in the back wheel and other happenings too numerous to mention. Manchester was represented by Turnor and Mahon. They reported having seen the start of the Grosvenor "50." After tea the Liverpool crowd started in more or less of a bunch, but the "twins'" tandem soon broke that up, with Mac hanging on. They soon stopped, however, Stephenson having a bad attack of cramp and giving an exhibition of how spokes are broken by vaulting in and out of the saddle.

While Stephenson was recovering, the rest of the crowd came up, only to be once more broken up from the same cause. And now Mr. Editor, I have managed to fill a little space—its a long time since I have had to do so and hope it will be as long again.

S. J. BUCK, Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1913.

	Light up at
Sept. 6th.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	7-50 p.m.
" 8th.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
" 13th.—50 Miles Handicap, start at 3-45 p.m.	7-33 p.m.
(Tea, Shawbury, 7-30 p.m. and week-end Hawkstone Park).	
" 20th.—Tattenhall (Sportsman's Arms)	7-16 p.m.
" 27th.—Whipping Stocks (Mainwaring Arms)	6-59 p.m.

Full moon, 15th instant.

Secretary's Notes.

16, Croxteth Grove,
Liverpool.

The second 50 miles handicap takes place on 13th September. Entries must reach me not later than Saturday, 6th September. A week-end at Hawkstone Park is fixed, and it is hoped to have a large party.

Attention is drawn to the Hotel at Tattenhall on 20th instant—the Sportsman's Arms, and not the Bear, being the fixture.

New Addresses: J. H. Parry, 175, Mortlake Road, Ilford, Essex.;
C. H. Turnor, 51, Oldfield Road, Sale, Cheshire.

F. D. McCANN, Hon. Sec.

Mems.

The following extracts from Del Strother's letter, accompanying his Prize for this year's "100" will be read with great interest:—"I always take the same interest in the doings of the Club, and always read the circulars. By the way, neither you nor the Hon. Sec. have got my address in the proper sequence. My street is called Gazetny per (abbreviation for Pereouluk), 3 is the No. of the house, and 18 is the number of my flat. Yesterday I at last managed to post my this year's prize in the shape of a silver gilt enamelled goblet or whatever you would call it. As I saw in the Circular it this time goes to Lionel Cohen who, from what I have read, seems to be a coming man. I wish there were more coming men in the Club,

and that in the near future you will have a man able to uphold the Club's reputation against all comers from the post of honour, as was the case in my time. Now Anfield names generally appear rather low down in the list of finishers, and these names generally belong to long-mark men. Is the young generation not as enthusiastic and serious now as 20 years ago? I see and often marvel that the old brigade is still as hard at it as ever, and seem to revel in long and hard rides. If I were in England I would, I dare say, often keep you company on such rides, but, living in Russia, my cycling times are practically over. I have made a special effort this year, but can't get in more than 5-6 rides a month."

On the return journey from Aberystwyth the landlord of the Peniarth Arms, Mallwyd, refused to supply some of our members with lunch, in fact he even refused to supply bread and cheese. The Skipper put the matter in the hands of the C.T.C., and the result is eminently satisfactory. The landlord (he is really manager) has given a full and unqualified expression of regret at his treatment of our members, and has promised better behaviour in the future. The owner of the house has given instructions, that conduct, such as gave rise to the complaint, must not occur again.

A complaint was lodged with the C.T.C. about the dangerous condition of Frodsham Street, Chester. The C.T.C. took the matter up and received a reply from the Surveyor of that city stating that the road should be repaved with wooden blocks. Competitors in the "24" ought to be pleased.

We want to know why F. H. does not bring his Douglas out to a Club run?

Congratulations to J. Leece and David Rowatt, who have both recently joined the ranks of the Benedicts.

Two attempts at record have been notified. Turnor and Webb will go for the tandem "24" on September 5th and 6th, and Cohen for the trike "12" on September 20th, and this explains the fixing of Knutsford and the Stocks as the runs for these dates. Any assistance will no doubt be doubly welcome if volunteered.

For New Members.

As it is now *de rigueur* to give advice to novices, the following axioms from "Child's Guide to Cycling" may be useful.

Always enter for a race even if you have no earthly intention of starting, for this saves you being asked to check, and excuses your going down to and returning from Shropshire by train or even turning out at all.

If you are on the Executive always fix your holidays to commence and/or finish on the Saturday of some important event you do not wish to support, but be careful to get back in time to register an attendance at the Committee Meeting.

Criticise the articles in the Circular unfavourably, but take care never to write one to "show how it should be done." This might be fatal.

Point out all printers' errors as evidence of careless proof reading.—Printers *never* fail to alter *all* corrections made in the proof and *never* add new ones in doing so.

Never give in your name as an intending starter on a tour or All-night ride. This might make the Secretary's job too much of a sinecure and you can grab the best bedroom just the same. If you have not given in your name you need only start if the weather is strictly fine, and not too cold, or too windy, or too anything, while if you don't start you can always say *afterwards* you had no intention of doing so. Always let your riding depend on someone else, and if he does not materialize turn back and go home.

If you are training or helping someone else to train for a long distance race, always suggest some very long week-ends—the longer the better—say Lichfield, Stonebridge, or Stafford, for then you will *both* know “there’s nothing doing,” whereas if you suggest a modest distance like Hawkstone for a spin round the triangles there is great danger you *might* have to go.

If you are looking for an excuse to keep away from a Club run, the N.C.U. “50” on New Brighton track provides an excellent one annually, but there is no necessity to sit it out to the finish. You can always get the result from the newspapers on the Monday, or ask someone who was not there. The “Express” Shield “50” if run in Wirral on August Bank Holiday can also be worked if you know how.

When training, skipping is a grand exercise, and can be strongly recommended. The first thing to start skipping is the Club fixtures. A cold bath in the morning is excellent, but it should always be taken at a public plunge bath and not in the common domestic tub, so that if you don’t get fit you can always explain that you hurt your back in diving.

RUNS.

Higher Whitley, 26th July.

Perhaps some of our members could not find “The Millstone,” or had never heard of Higher Whitley, or feared to experiment at an untried place, or at any rate for some cause or other the attendance was miserably small. The attempt of the Committee to “strike new ground” was generally considered a success by those present and it is to be hoped that the “Millstone” will again figure upon our fixture list in the near future. The main topic of conversation was, of course, the August Tour and Irish “100” and especially the chances of our representatives in the latter event.

Hodges and Webb were competing in the Cheadle Hulme “100,” and so two of our Manchester contingent made their way out into Cheshire to help them and afterwards journeyed to the Club Run by lane and field paths. A week-end party, consisting of Cook and Hawkes went to Buxton by way of Macclesfield and the “Cat and Fiddle.”

August Holiday Tour, 1st to 4th, 1915.

“I shall certainly go to Ireland again next August.” How often has this been said by men who the following year are conspicuous by their absence? I will therefore not begin this screed by any such dangerous prophecy, but simply say we all had a gorgeous time and *hope* to go again. Perhaps it is just as well everyone does not keep their word or we should by now have to charter a steamer to take the Club over to Dublin! On the Friday night Rowatt, Williams, George Poole, J. Band, Turnor and Cook (tandem) comprised the party on the “Kilkenny” sailing from the Nelson Dock, at 10 p.m., after some excitement caused by a woman seeing *two* gangways and walking into the dock! With the sea as smooth as glass a splendid passage was enjoyed, and we all slept soundly, except when Band disturbed us with his middle of the night prowling. Arriving at Dublin we proceeded to the “Granville” and were soon discussing an excellent breakfast, after which we loafed about until Murphy arrived, and it was then decided to have a circular ride in Wicklow with lunch at Vallombrosa. Piloted by Murphy, we made for Terenure and Glendhu, where we halted at the bridge for a photograph before climbing to Glencullen, which was seen under perfect conditions in the brilliant sunshine. Thence we began “to get our own back,” and it was easy work via the Scalp to Vallombrosa, where Arjay and family gave us a warm welcome, and entertained us right royally. We were particularly interested in the Silver Wedding presentation album, and it was almost uncanny to see so many Anfield signatures “forged” so marvellously, even to the colour of the ink used, and in one case a small blot

made in the signing! After lunch, Arjay on his flimsy Lovelace (no spares and no pump to keep down the weight) accompanied us to the Glen of the Downs, and through the magnificent La Touche demesne, somewhat reminiscent of Hawkstone, to Delgany and Bray, where we parted company with Arjay and Murphy, and were soon back in Dublin again after a most delightful 40 mile spin. After dinner, Band went to visit his brother, and the rest of us patronised the Empire second house, which was several shades better than the Hunt's Cross second houses!—and just as we were retiring Dave Fell arrived from Holyhead. Sunday morning we were surprised and awakened by Royden's melodious voice. Tommy had started on Saturday to ride to Holyhead, but got tired of his own company at Rhyd and waited for the night mail. At breakfast time the party per S.S. "Louth" arrived, consisting of Grimshaw, Lowcock, Collins, Cohen, Theakstone and Toft, and they reported delay with a foggy crossing. We were also joined by Briggs, Rae, and two other friends of the Cheadle Hulme C.C. and the party thus numbered fourteen and four friends. After breakfast Murphy joined us, and plans for the day were discussed, resulting in Rowatt, Williams, Poole, Band, Fell, Royden, Toft and Theakstone going for a 25 mile circular ride, with lunch at Lucan, and a visit to the Salmon Leap at Leixlip, while our four competitors went in a motor round the course to put arrows up, accompanied by Murphy, Cook, and Turnor, lunching at Navan and having afternoon tea at Ashbourne. The evening was largely spent in arranging plans for the morrow, and that these were satisfactorily carried out is proved by the four competitors particularly requesting acknowledgment to be made in this account of the perfect way they were looked after in every respect. Monday morning brought cool and rather windy weather with so much East in it that it was only helpful for the eight miles returning from Balrath to Kilcarn Bridge. Scattering ourselves about the course as arranged, the ten of us each did our little bit, and were delighted when we found how well our men were going. At 25 miles Grimshaw was even with Kinder (both 1-18) and they had put it clean through Kirk (1-24) the other scratch man, who shortly afterwards retired. Collins had only taken 1-23, and Lowcock, who had punctured, was only 1-24, while Cohen 1-29 had gained one minute on Hattemore, the other tricyclist. At the 50 mile point Grimshaw turned in 2-37-10, with Kinder 2-38-0 running him close, and Collins 2-50-48 doing a useful handicap ride, but poor Lowcock had been "enjoying" a peck of puncture troubles, and used up all his spares when he reached Finglas in 2-53-3. Cohen 3-3-35 as against Hattemore's 3-19-48 was "doing nicely thank you," but as is usually the case several of the middle markers had gone so well that they were "spotted" for places in the handicap, these being Denbigh, Highbury (20 mins.) 2-41-35, Rooney, Pembroke (20 mins.) 2-44-50, Shaw, Sharrow (25 mins.) 2-45-37, and W. H. Allen, Highbury (23 min.) 2-47-38. No one else seemed in it, for A. T. Allen, Highbury (2½ mins.) had taken 2-41-8, and Briggs, Cheadle Hulme (7½ mins.) had taken 2-46-0. Lowcock was induced by the very sporting loan of a spare by Kinder's brother to continue, but his luck was dead out and he punctured again, and we must all admire the way he fought against such odds so cheerfully. At 75 miles Grimshaw clocked exactly four hours and was certain for fastest. Collins was 4-22 and Cohen 4-13, but Denbigh, Rooney, and Shaw were continuing to ride strongly, and the result was never in doubt. Denbigh with 5-36-55 was first, Rooney 5-38-47 second, Shaw 5-43-48 third, and W. H. Allen 5-49-28 fourth, Grimshaw 5-30-24 was fifth, *fastest* and Irish record. Collins 5-59-23 was seventh, and Cohen 6-27-34 was ninth, which gives him "A" Standard and Irish record. Other times interesting to us are A. T. Allen 5-33-17, Kinder 5-42-4, J. Walker, I.R.C. 5-47-52, and M. Walker, I.R.C. 6-4-26.

After the race we all foregathered at the Granville, and then leaving Toft, Fell and Royden to prolong their stay, the other eleven proceeded to

the S.S. "Cork," and were soon on their way home with feelings of considerable elation and satisfaction, which kept bursting out and impelled some of us (who ought to know better) to "sing." Certainly, "Mr. Donaldson" was the lion comique, and it was "a very jolly party" that finally broke up on the Landing Stage at 6-50 Tuesday morning.

Broxton, 9th August, 1913.

The natural beauty of the scenery around this district should be enough to attract a crowd of cyclists, and given a glorious summer day and a fine tea, it is hard to understand why the attendance was so small. The roads leading from Liverpool and Manchester to the Royal Oak should have been black with Anfielders, yet only 19 sat down. Anyway, it was a meeting of cyclists, no motor car put in an appearance. The Brothers Bentley arrived by train, walking from Broxton Station. Frank Roskell, looking very fit and intending week-ending at Hawkestone, was also with us. After tea Green minor made the fatal error of bringing his brand new "Raleigh" out of the shed, ostensibly to make a few trivial adjustments. By the time Johnny and the other experts were through, it is doubtful if Green knew whether he really had anything worth calling a bicycle at all. Poor Green took their chaff in good part, but whilst I stood there I could not help recalling to mind a summer afternoon on the top Chester Road, when I met a lonely and pathetic figure with his new shiny B.S.A. standing by the roadside calling upon all and sundry for the loan of a spanner to adjust a locked pedal. I think it is unnecessary to say it was the arch-critic at Broxton. In my opinion Green has made a move in the right direction in replacing his bunch of golf sticks with a real bicycle, but I also think he should have gone further and have included a three-speed gear in the specifications. Only those who have enjoyed the benefits of this latest invention can thoroughly appreciate how this hilly little country of ours is flattened out. However could Ven. and brother-in-law have got to Aberystwyth without it? Why didn't Johnny win the 12? Probably because he sports but a single gear. Truly the magic in this little pill box will be with us awhile longer. The Manchester detachment started homeward to be followed by the Liverpool contingent. After gaining the main Chester Road a fierce struggle for leadership took place over a bumpy and rotten road. Our worthy Editor and I made a pleasant detour through the Park, which was much to be preferred. I was informed Cohen and the youthful Dick led the van into Chester when all congregated at the Talbot. The run home via Hinderton was made without incident. All agreed 'twas a very pleasant run.

"24 HOURS," August 15th-16th.

There was a disappointing entry for the race, only seven names figuring on the card, and of these one, J. C. Band, failed to start; Johnnie had a bad fall the week before. The entry would have been larger if several members had been able to get away from business on Saturday morning. However, the remaining six duly started in the following order:—Carpenter (tricycle) 9 p.m., Woodroffe 9-5, Stephenson 9-10, Collins 9-15, Cohen 9-25 and Grimshaw 9-35. It was a near thing for Grimshaw who came from Preston in a car with his brother, and although he changed *en route*, he was still a bit late, and then his machine had to be put right before he could start. A telegram which he sent from Preston had however prepared us, and Harry was on the spot to give him his official start. The night was generally fine, but some miles out of Chester there was a wide belt where the roads were very heavy, and there must have been quite a lot of rain in parts, while on Saturday afternoon very heavy showers fell in places, so that although most of the roads were dry, conditions were not by any means ideal.

Quite early in the night it was evident that Grimshaw was likely to do the biggest mileage and this proved to be the case, but to pick out the second man would have been impossible until well on into Saturday afternoon. Stephenson, Collins and Cohen all appeared likely candidates, but had luck followed Stephenson who, after puncturing, lost his chain bolt on Prees Heath which forced him to retire. At the previous check, Whitchurch 152 miles, the times of these three men were, Cohen 10 hrs. 45 mins., Stephenson 11 hrs., and Collins 11 hrs. 5 mins.; the other times were Grimshaw 9 hrs. 48 mins., Woodroffe 12 hrs., and Carpenter 12 hrs. 20 mins. Woodroffe had been riding very leisurely and would not be hurried as he intended to go the full "24," and did so; although Carpenter forged ahead of him, he kept at it, and cutting out the Newport triangle the second time followed Carpenter, but about twenty minutes later, on to Congleton and the Stocks. Cohen and Collins kept scrapping from Newport first time until Hodnet second time, a little matter of eighty miles, when Cohen, who had of course started ten minutes after Collins, began to increase his lead after which the issue was practically never in doubt, possibly owing to Collins' greater inexperience at distance riding, but during the whole of the second twelve hours, Cohen was riding practically as fast as Grimshaw, and as the former is a man we are looking to for some first class rides in the near future, it is interesting to note the relative speeds of these two. Grimshaw gained 10 mins. in the first 3 hours, another 25 mins. in the next 3 hours, from 6 to 9 hours Cohen held his own, but then lost steadily until 13 hours had elapsed, when Grimshaw led by $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, and the 21 miles which separated them at the finish represents about the last $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours riding. The final figures were:—Grimshaw just over 339 miles, Cohen just over 318 miles, Collins 304 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles, Carpenter 281 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles, Woodroffe 275 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Mems.

The list of members who have ridden over 300 miles in 24 hours, with the addition this year of Collins and Cohen, now totals 44.

Carpenter, in spite of his fine ride, said that he will not do another "24" on three wheels, and stated that his admiration for the Skipper's "24" Trike Record increased hourly during the night and day. We have often heard men just after a race declaring their intention of leaving speed work severely alone, but most of them change their minds, and Carpenter will probably prove no exception to the rule—he is too game, and a wider axle would also help.

Grimshaw started without any food, but did not seem to worry much as he was fastest in the early stages, though no doubt he suffered later on with stomach troubles through stoking up so heavily at Chester.

Collins after his ride in the "24," rode at a track meeting on the Monday, and secured two firsts! Where did he find the speed?

The checkers and helpers, so far as I can learn, seemed to have given every satisfaction to the riders. There was a good crowd at Chester, but nothing approaching the number we had out in the "paced" days, and which was undoubtedly an inducement for the Hotel people to keep open through the night.

The cars at Chester and Whitchurch were very useful for carrying the food to the corner in each place, and at Whitchurch corner the riders sat on cushions on the foot board of Jack Grimshaw's car which was placed at the Mullah's disposal. Lamps and chains were well attended to both at Chester and Whitchurch, and I have heard no complaints so far as the feeding was concerned.

These "24's" seem to have a great interest for the Old Brigade. Hubert Roskell, Dr. Carlisle, Dave Rowatt, Toft, Cook, and a past member

Sammy Barton were at Chester, and Rowatt and Toft were also at the Whipping Stocks in the afternoon, where were also Mercer and Park, the latter having ridden out from Southport.

Just before the start a wire was received from Gisburn, reading "Best wishes for successful twenty-four.—Thomas Walter John."

I have not attempted to give a list of those who checked and helped, an almost impossible, and, if any names are by any chance omitted, a thankless task, but many men worked very hard, and to them the knowledge that the race was properly organised and the riders well looked after is without doubt ample recompense.

Lillie Budworth, August 23.

A "24," or indeed any important fixture, usually results in a diminished attendance at the following Saturday's run, and to-day proved no exception—only 14 members turning up for tea. I confidently anticipated a larger muster as the afternoon was gloriously fine, and the roads, after the rain on Friday, were as near perfect as the motor traffic will nowadays permit. I travelled out alone, practically direct, through the Packhorse Lane to Duddon, and then through more lanes via Utkington and Cotebrook. Mac and Edwards in two detachments came via the Transporter, which, by the way, will be closed for alterations on Sept. 15th, for how long I don't know, but we shall see that it is duly re-opened for the tourists on the first Saturday in November. Others came via Warrington, and four men from Manchester put in an appearance, the Skipper and Webb, per tandem of course, E. Green and Collins. Another party had quite an extensive ramble, embracing Eaton Park, Huxley and Kelsall. I arrived a few minutes late, a'ter, for me, a hurried ride, but I should have kept a little cooler had I known tea would have been served late—and it was none the better for waiting. Another party had had tea at 5 o'clock, and this may have been responsible for the delay. These beanfeasters, who apparently hailed from Manchester, were soon in the tank after their tea, and the air was full of weird noises, which upon investigation proved to be an attempt on their part to emulate a glee party. They departed before most of us did, in a char-a-banc attached to three very thin horses, and while the stragglers rolled up Collins and the driver entertained us with the alleged history of the aforesaid nags, Collins making the discovery that one of them which was black looked a regular piebald, *through* another which was white.

Cody departed early to return via Warrington, and the rest of us, with the exception of the Manchester quartette, started together for Chester. Before Kelsall we had split up into at least four groups, Band with his 87th group being the leading group. Not all made the "customary" call at the Talbot, some of us taking to the lanes at Vicar's Cross for the lower road and Lome.

The average attendance I should think is only poor, and it is to be hoped that we shall see a big crowd at Wrexham to help up the attendance.

S. J. BUCK,

Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR OCTOBER, 1913.

		Light up at
October	4.—Aldford (Crosvenor)	6-42 p.m.
„	11.—Warrington (Patten)	6-25 „
„	13.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	6-9 „
„	18/19.—Pulford (Crosvenor), and Week-end at Llangollen (Hand)..	5-54 „
„	25.—Newburgh (Red Lion)	5-39 „
November	1.—Hunts Cross (Hunts Cross Hotel)	

Alternative Run for Manchester Members.

October 25.—Mobberley (Roebuck)

Full Moon 15th inst.

16, Croxteth Grove,
Liverpool.

Secretary's Notes.

The Annual "Autumn Tints Tour" has been fixed for 18th and 19th October. A special tariff has been arranged at the Hand Hotel, Llangollen, of 7/6 for dinner, bed and breakfast. Dinner has been timed for 9-30 p.m., and in order to remove the objection to having two heavy meals together—tea at Pulford and dinner at Llangollen—it has been decided to have only a plain tea at Pulford, waiting for the substantial meal until the arrival at Llangollen. For those so minded, luncheon has been arranged for at the Castle Hotel, Ruthin, on Sunday, at 1 p.m., and tea at the Talbot, Chester, at 6 p.m. Owing to the long drought during August and September, the "Tints" should be very fine this year, and it is hoped that a large number will take this opportunity of seeing them.

The first Saturdays in November, December and January are to be Socials at Hunts Cross.

The Banking Account of the Club has now been transferred to the Walton Branch of the North and South Wales Bank, and subscriptions and

donations to the Prize Fund may be paid in to any branch of that Bank, for credit of the Club's account at Walton Branch.

NEW ADDRESSES.—W. M. Owen, Midland Bank, Menai Bridge, N. Wales.
C. H. Woodroffe, 2, Windsor Terrace, Loughborough Road, Leicester.

RESIGNATION.—Mr. R. F. Kettle, Avondale Road, Hoylake, has resigned from membership, the resignation being accepted at the last Committee Meeting.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

MEMS.

Turnor and Webb's 24 Hours' Unpaced Tandem Record is referred to by the "Irish Cyclist" as having been accomplished on a tandem trike! Is this merely intelligent anticipation? Turnor now holds the 24 Hours' Records for Bicycle, Tricycle and Tandem Bicycle, so that he has only to add the Tandem Tricycle to make a complete job of it, and we hope he will "book Webb" again. We can promise him every help and it would be a sleigh ride for such a fine pair.

Turnor and Webb wish to thank all members and friends who so kindly helped in their 24 hours' tandem record ride, and state that "without such assistance 24 hours' records would be impossible, and therefore to the helpers the success of the ride was mainly due."

Timbertiles, in notifying his change of address, says that he is ready for another "24."

RUNS.

Wrexham, August 30.

Write the account of this run for Zam, said the Skipper, when I thought that he was going to ask for a match. Personally I found the day too warm and the way rather long, but as I arrived with a tidy twist, I concluded that I had not perspired in vain, and proceeded to stoke up well for the return journey, knowing that I had to do it all over again, over roads, long stretches of which are torn to pieces by motor traffic. The muster was 24, including one friend, 18 per push cycle, 3 walking "part of the way," and 3 helped to swell the motor traffic, in two cars, over the above mentioned long stretches. Chatting before tea, the opinion seemed pretty general that certain parts in the September circular did not promote good feeling. Perhaps some wag will one day push on the "Wynnstay" clock, say 20 minutes, and we may then feed at 6 p.m. However, when the food did arrive it was all right and plenty of it, "if you insisted on having enough." The service was slow—especially at Chem's end of the table, many of the items he ordered finding another home. Britten, who has been rolling out a portion of Yorkshire, used his napper and sat next to the cookhouse door. A good wheeze this, you can select as they drift in. Turnor and Webb's forthcoming attack on the tandem "24" was the topic of interest over our pipes and tobacco, and Cohen was busy studying a large sheet, and consulting Toft, no doubt for expert advice re his "12" on the trike; may they all have good luck and achieve the desired mileage. Early away seemed popular, 3 headed Ruabonward to week-end in the Welsh beyond. Another party of 4 were suspected of seeking the village of "Water Hotter" fame, where the welcome is unaffected and cheerful. Of the going home contingent 5 had to light up before Chester, called at the Talbot, oiled up, reminded Mr. Bates how good he was going to be September 5/6th, and departed. 2 Manchester way and 3 for Hinderton, where two stalwarts were found

who rang the bell for us, this kindly action enabling us to tackle Evans's Hill with light hearts, "as the shortest way home?" The road was now all down and sweet chiming bells, so we landed in our own parish well before the call of time, and at our own doors, well, a little after, all the better for our ride. At various points on our journey we sternly admonished motorists, advised pedestrians of the existence of a footpath, expressed pained surprise at wobblers riding three abreast without lights, after dusk, but what left us cold, "as Massa Johnsing puts it," was meeting a two horsed furniture van, with a masthead light on extreme left, just after passing the "Yacht." We might easily have taken those two horses through the blighter's van, and perhaps damaged a valuable bedroom suite, with risk of puncture to ourselves, and punctures at night, homeward bound, are an abomination.

Knutsford and 24 Hours' Unpaced Tandem Record, September 6.

As is inevitable on the occasion of a record attempt the "run proper" suffered as so many were busy elsewhere, but 15 sat down to tea at the Lord Eldon after some delay caused by its being Knutsford Fair Day, which is eminently satisfactory, and altogether the number of Club-run scorers was 35. As is now well known, Turnor and Webb made a glorious success of their attack on the 24 Hours' Unpaced Tandem Record, and we are all highly delighted. Ever since the dispute over the actual distance ridden by Walker and Toulson, of the Y.R.C., we have been anxious to wipe out this record, and it is most fitting that Turnor, who has twice previously shared in unfortunately abortive attempts to do so, should now have his eager desire gratified, and at the same time be one of the pair to accomplish it. Nowadays, with tandems so comparatively scarce and our membership so scattered, the fixing up of a tandem record pair is no easy matter, and means a good deal of sacrifice and inconvenience, but Turnor has never ceased in his search for an available partner, and is to be congratulated on finally fixing things up with such an excellent man as Webb, who now most worthily and popularly joins the ranks of frilled badge wearers. Their distance to be claimed figures out the magnificent total of 381 miles, 5 furlongs, 68 yards, which if accepted by the R.R.A. and N.R.R.A., will be passed as 381½ miles, and add 11½ miles to the former standard, and 25½ to the latter record. With all Turnor's experience it goes without saying that the organisation and arrangements for the ride were perfect, and as everyone turned out and did their jobs completely there was no hitch anywhere. The weather was perfect, except for a nasty East wind that blew rather freshly during the day, but the roads were very loose in places, and they were lucky to get through with only two punctures, seeing that during the night the two following tandems, although shod with sole and heel trape tyres, both foundered in Wirral. Started at 7-30 p.m., at Toft Corner, by Poole, they at once began to gain on their schedule made out for 374 miles, and at Chester, 53 miles, they were 13 minutes to the good, but after completing the first 100 in 5 hours 45 minutes, they lost time with a puncture at Queens Ferry, which necessitated 2 or 3 inflations, and a change of tyre at Chester, 110 miles, so that at Chester the last time, 149 miles, they had only 10 minutes in hand. However, they were wonderfully fresh, and getting on with the job most cheerfully and determinedly, and down into Shropshire, they continued to gain on schedule (riding 196 miles in 12 hours), until returning from Haughmond Abbey Corner, 204½ miles, they punctured again. Fortunately this was their last trouble, and they again began "getting their own back," until the old Northern record was beaten with about 1½ hours to go, and they reached Knutsford, 363 miles, 20 minutes ahead of schedule. From here to the finish they rode like fiends, as those following most eloquently report. Poole showed most excellent judgment in sending the record breakers along to Lostock Gralam (where he had previously despatched checkers) when they had exhausted the scheduled course, and turning with 6 minutes to go they added 2 miles,

3 furlongs, 91 yards in these last 6 minutes, and finished full of going within 4 furlongs, 129 yards of Tabley Corner, to receive the jubilant congratulations of everybody present. It was particularly pleasing to see so many members of other affiliated clubs out sharing in the game, and afterwards at the "Angel" there was quite a gathering of old timers, among whom no one was more delighted than Boss Higham, who declared that the brilliant success had done him an immense amount of good. It is impossible to mention the names of all those who assisted and worked hard, but fortunately it is not necessary, as Turnor and Webb have thanked them all (see Memos) for the valuable service rendered, and no words of mine can express the joy we all feel at this double and much coveted record. W.P.C.

Fifty Miles' Unpaced Handicap, September 13, 1913.

It is not often that our handicappers are caught napping, but as the unexpected nearly always happens, so it did in the case of the last "50," run off on the Shropshire course, last Saturday. H. Green made a decided mess of the handicap, and won in the very respectable time of 2.46.41, and I hardly think I am doing H.G. an injustice when I say that he must have rather surprised himself at the form he was showing. Needless to say, he will wait long ere he again figures on the 25 minutes mark. Still H.G., my hat's off to you, and I hope you will repeat or better the job in the first "50" next year. A miserably wet Friday looked like setting a very bad example for Saturday to follow, but as usual our quaint English climate had a pleasant surprise in store, and barring a small shower in the morning, a brilliant day with a strong S.E. wind is noted in the scrap log of my memory. The full entry of eleven went to the mark and were dispatched as usual by Harry at one minute intervals. Johnny Band once more featured on the scratch mark and was giving away starts up to 35 minutes; there were also two trikes, ridden by Cohen, off 25, and Carpenter, off 35 minutes. France (35) pushed off first, followed by J. Seed (20), Mahon (8), H. Green (25), R. Seed (14), Cohen (25), McCann (4), Stephenson (12), Collins (6), Carpenter (35), and J. C. Band (scr.), and at Ercall first time, Johnny had already got half a minute on Mac, and Cohen and Seed were equal. At Ercall, second time, Johnny had got a further half on Mac, while Cohen and Seed (R) were running level and Collins was one minute better than Mahon. J. Seed had lost a minute on H. Green but was level with his brother and Cohen. Johnny had picked up six and nine minutes respectively on Carpenter and France, but the latter were plugging away with great determination and doing good rides. At Shawbury, first time, we found that Johnny had done 1.38 for the 31 miles, 6 furlongs, 198 yards; McCann 1.39, Collins 1.39, Mahon 1.39, Stephenson 1.40, H. Green 1.43, R. Seed 1.45, J. Seed 1.47, Cohen 1.50, Carpenter 1.57 and France 1.59. Towards evening the wind fell away altogether and absolutely perfect conditions prevailed. I don't know when I ever came across a more thirsty crowd of riders, and I think with the exception of Johnny and France they swallowed everything liquid that was handed up. Unfortunately Mac's old enemy got him, just when the fight between him and Johnny looked like being interesting. Relentless cramp seized him, and after taking eight minutes over the Ercall-Crudg piece, he decided to give it best at Hodaet, and arrival there with a punctured tyre put paid to the argument. The times of the other ten who finished are as follows:—H. Green 2.46.41 first, Stephenson 2.38.4 second, Mahon 2.37.1 third. Also ran:—Cohen 2.54.31, R. Seed 2.46.40, Collins 2.38.49, Band 2.33.54 (fastest), France 3.8.55, J. Seed 2.55.12 and Carpenter 3.10.49. The above times make a good finish to a very successful season's racing, but it is a pity that three hot 50 milers like Grimshaw, Hodges and Lowcock could not get down to ride. However, we must take the goods the gods provide and reflect that the times done are passing fair. Mahon is a novice at the distance, and Cohen was attempting his first trike "50," while J. Seed, still feeling the effects

of a cropper, was rather afraid to let himself go. Collins said he was not riding fast enough, and Dick Seed was again geared too high. Johnny too, complained of lack of haste, while Stephenson said nothing and did the ride of his life. Carpenter had come from somewhere North of the Tweed the night before, did the job and rode off back to Birmingham. Truly a man who does his racing under such conditions is a thorough sportsman, backed up with an amount of grit, not usually found even on our benighted little Island nowadays. At tea, after the race, I noticed among those who had been helping, Toft, H. Poole, Cook, Worth, Koenen, Turnor, Webb and Bentley, while besides the racing crowd, there were round the course, Geo. Mercer, Green, senr., Edwards and H. Pritchard. After tea a move was made for Hawkstone Park, fixed by the Committee as the week-end resort, and here I leave the sreed to another pen. I must not forget to record the presence of E. Bright of "Ours" from the South, he had been up for a Council meeting of the C.T.C. at Chester, so came on and joined the week-end party.

The week-end portion of the fixture attracted a dozen members, the eleven who had taken part in the "50," or who had helped therein, finding George Poole at Hawkstone when they arrived. Mrs. Poole was also there, in fact she had been there for six weeks—a good testimonial this to the attractiveness of the place! Having no one to "wait up for," the larger number went to bed at a respectable hour, viz., about midnight, while only four sat up on the chance of someone coming down late. The night was a pouring one, so there was very little chance of this—still it *had* to be done. Sunday morning opened showery and after breakfast it was decided that while McCann showed the two who had not seen the Park the tit-bits, the others should endeavour to find the "Bury Walls." Bright and Mahon were the two "novices" and McCann reports that their delight was ample recompense for his having missed the "Bury Walls." The other party, consisting of seven—two having returned home early—were successful in their search, being guided by The Master, who had been prospecting in the same direction, without result, previously. Their way lay in places through bracken and nettles over six feet high, taking Bentley quite overhead. The "Walls," which date from pre-Roman times, enclose an area of about the same size as Chester and are in a very good state of preservation. After luncheon, the wind being a howling gale from the South, tracks were made for home, Everbright being left with a wangled back tyre, to make for the South. F.H. also remained behind, so that Mahon was the sole representative of Manchester and would have a lonely but easy ride homewards. The Liverpool men made through Wem, Ellesmere, Overton, Bangor, Holt, Farndon and through Eaton Park to Chester and on to Hinderton for tea. It was certainly a slice of luck that the wind was behind—had it been in front there might have been a different ending.

Tattenhall, September 20

I have been wondering why I was "commanded" to write this account of the run, and whether I am supposed to be one of those who "criticise the articles in the circular unfavourably, but take care never to write one to show how it should be done." Its a long time since I was attacked with "cacethes scribendi," and you at least, M. le Rédacteur, can, if you will, vouch my statement that I have not troubled you with any such criticisms. True it is that once, when staying at a very quiet resort on "Ellan Vannin Veg Veen," I, in sheer weariness for something fresh to do to kill time (if one can be weary for work), wrote a letter to the Committee on the subject of the (in my opinion) "piffle," which occasionally appears "for new members," etc., but I saved my penny to spend at the Bebington Show, and did not send it—the letter, not the penny. However, to cut the cackle and come to the 'osses, the run's the thing. The Birkenhead-Chester road

had, in parts, been thoughtfully, or thoughtlessly, deluged with lubricating oil by some generous, or careless, motorist, and the pools required careful circumnavigation until the turning towards Vicars Cross was reached. Christleton arrived at, I made the acquaintance of, and bade an, I hope, eternal farewell to the "humpy" Canal bridge and the cobbles and cinder path at its foot, and struck, almost literally, the main Chester-Whitchurch road. "Two times," as the French say, was I told that Tattenhall was "straight on," but fortunately, while climbing out of one of the pits between Rowton and Hatton Heath, provided for cyclists to conceal themselves while the Lords of the roads, i.e. motorists, pass, I was hailed by one David Rowatt, and the route ceased to trouble me. The road did not improve however, and I soon found myself acting as follower at something more than the regulation 300 yards distance provided for in attempts at unpaced, and in this case, single-handed, record. I say single-handed, as D.R. seemed to think that for the purpose of steering his short-based Rover (Advt. No. 1), one hand was superfluous. Eventually we overtook *we* overtook—Blackburn, who was being paced by McCann, and soon after, the welcome portals of the Sportsmans Arms (Advt. No. 1a) loomed or hove, in sight (N.B.—Blackburn was walking). After joining the octette, or thereabouts, of hard riding Anfielders who were engaged in watching a pair of canines (sex undiscovered) attempting to understudy "Dignity and Impudence," I and two of the aforesaid h. r. A's, indulged, with the aid of one pump, 1½ pieces of our celebrated primrose yellow (Advt. No. 2), one trough, ditto bowl and ditto unattached jack-towel, in an almost lifelike representation of a wash. That completed, we carefully followed the lengthy Bentley up a corkscrew staircase, along a corridor and down two steps, to the, more or less, festive board, eventually illumined by one incandescent light. Stephenson, who arrived late, complained of being "knackered," and did not remember by which route he had reached Tattenhall, save that he had come "through Widnes," was awarded one of the posts of honour, i.e. a carver's chair, but he resigned on being confronted with a fore-quarter of lamb, and if E.A.B. had not volunteered, some of us *might* have gone hungry away. For the benefit of the part holder of the 12 hours tandem trike record, and others, I might remark that in the manipulation of this joint the separation of the shoulder from the breast is the first point to be attended to. This is done by passing the knife lightly round the dotted line shewn by the figures 1-5, then, by raising it with a little force, the shoulder will come away with just a little more exercise of the knife. The breast and shoulder being separated it is usual to lay a small piece of butter, and sprinkle a little cayenne, lemon, and salt, between them, and when these are incorporated with the meat the shoulder may be removed to a separate dish. The carver should then ask those at the table what portions, not which portion, mark you, they prefer. For further particulars see Beeton's cookery book (Advt. No. 3). Anyway, it was not Bentley's fault if anyone went short of lamb, portions unspecified, one, at the time of writing, aspirant for record honours, displaying a Frank Shorland-like appetite and wandering from lamb to beef, beef to lamb, apple tart and custard to damson tart and ditto, and then, with no fresh fields to conquer, washing the solids down by copious libations of tea, with milk. Youth will be served of course, but it is, I think, badly served when it tries to assimilate an admixture, according to the Act, of meat, vegetables, pastry and tea, with milk. Verily it is a gastronomical mistake, and shews a great disregard for the ordinary functions of la petite Marie. About 20, as per contract, including G. B. Mercer, who drove up in a perfectly ducky sweet pearl gray voiture légère made by the celebrated firm of — and — (I haven't arranged terms for this advt.) sat down to tea, and as far as I could observe, the same number rose—anyway nobody could be seen under the table. Sunter looked in, but as he was en famille, he could not stay long enough to develop a need for — cordials. After an inspection of our ex-president's car, and being satisfied that there was sufficient space between

the steering wheel and the driver's seat to rise to the occasion, if required, and regretfully giving up the idea of experimenting with the milk cure, strongly recommended by an ex-tricycle record holder, as a remedy for porous tubes, owing to scarcity of the lacteal fluid, the homeward journey was started (N.B.—The Pagan one says there's no such thing as a porous tube). As usual, the h. r. A's before mentioned, departed in detachments, with the, also usual, promise to go slowly, but eventually the majority reached the "Talbot," where three high Club officials and a like number of common members, were discovered partaking mainly of "stone gingers," the wind being cold. A discussion on the novel (?) subject of rear lights having been abandoned, and the acreage of the factory, I forget the number of the annual output of the celebrated Ford car (Advt.) having been estimated, the "Football Edition" was searched, and it was discovered that the Anfield B.C. . . . had closed down with a 50 handicap; that the busy outdoor season was fast waning; that the cycle of time brings its multitudinous changes; that the Mullah, age 37, and Webb, about 10 years younger, had set up a *distance* of 381½ miles, which equals the winner's *time* in the N.R. 24, and, under the head of "ROAD RACING AT SIXTY-EIGHT" (small caps please), that J. C. Band was a Cheshire athlete who years ago ran *rather* prominently across country and all that was left of us decided to wend our way Wirral-wards. What a lot you can get for a halfpenny on Saturdays. Bebington Show isn't in it, for twice the money. An unpleasant incident damped the enjoyment of those who had survived the "stone gingers," as Rowatt's machine had disappeared, and at the time this "account of the run" was written, no information had been obtained as to its whereabouts. Cook, Edwards and the Secretary man made a call at Hinderton, but the writer ploughed his lonely furrow to the New Ferry boat, eventually reaching home in time to avoid being locked out, an experience he enjoyed (?) after his last previous participation in part of the programme placed before men who are not racing men, and *only moderate touring men*. See page six of the 1912 report!

" P.S.—If this lengthy "account of the run" reaches the dignity of cold print in an unexpurgated form, I would urge in extenuation of the number of words I have spun over the visit to Tattenhall, that the last trip there was dismissed in a few lines, that the previous one was not referred to at all, that I have never written an "account of the run" before and don't expect in the circs., to be asked to do so again.

S. J. BUCK,

Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR NOVEMBER, 1913.

	Light up at
Nov. 1.—Hunts Cross (Hunts Cross Hotel)	5-39 p.m.
„ 8.—Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	5-26 p.m.
„ 10.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
„ 15.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-15 p.m.
„ 22.—Warrington (Patten Arms) and Week-end Tarporley (Swan)..	5-5 p.m.
„ 29.—Hinderton (Shrewsbury Arms)	4-57 p.m.
Alternative Run for Manchester Members.	
Nov. 29.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	
Full Moon 13th inst.	

16, Croxteth Grove,
Liverpool.

Secretary's Notes.

The Committee at their last meeting fixed a week-end run to Tarporley from Warrington on 22nd November. A Special Tariff of 6/6 for Supper, Bed and Breakfast has been arranged at the Swan Hotel. If those who intend to take part in the week-end will send in their names to me it will be appreciated.

W. E. Cotter, H. W. Keizer and R. L. L. Knipe, have agreed to look after the entertainments at Hunts Cross at the November, December and January fixtures respectively.

Your attention is particularly drawn to the Hotel at Chester on the 5th November—the “BULL & STIRRUP” taking the place of the “Talbot.”

In consequence of the ever increasing charges made at the "Talbot" for the feeding in the "24"—this year the bill coming to £3—the Committee felt compelled to look out for another place, the trial of the "Bull and Stirrup" being the result.

NEW ADDRESSES: W. J. Neason, De Dion Bouton Repair Works, Edgware Road, Cricklewood, London; Frank Wood, 8, Westbank Road, Edge Lane, Liverpool.

The Polytechnic C.C. have invited us to be represented at their Annual Dinner, to be held at the Holborn Restaurant, London, on 22nd November, and it is hoped that one of our London members will be able to be present.

The Prize List, this year totalling £67 16/-, was passed at the last Committee Meeting. Lionel Cohen heads the list, J. A. Grimshaw being second and H. Collins third. The others in their order are F. D. McCann, H. Green, G. Stephenson, R. P. Seed, J. L. Mahon, J. Hodges, C. H. Turnor, E. Webb, J. C. Band, C. H. Woodroffe, and J. Seed. If Prize Winners will notify the Hon. Treasurer immediately how they wish to lay out their prize money it will greatly help that Officer. Members are reminded that they may have Certificates for any of their rides and performances upon application—price 1/-.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP: Mr. Archie Warburton, Shady Nook, Vale Road, Bowdon, Altrincham, proposed by C. H. Turnor, seconded by F. D. McCann.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

L. S. D.

The Club Bank Balance is now lodged at the EVERTON Branch of the London City and Midland Bank. Subscriptions may be paid in at any branch of the L.C. and M. Bank or at any branch of the North and South Wales Bank.

It will save me a great deal of time and trouble in making personal application if those members who have not yet paid will kindly let me have their subscriptions as early as possible or let me know by what date I may expect them.

R. LEIGH KNIPE,
Hon. Treas.

MEMS.

The Cyclists' Touring Club is apparently doing very well. They have H.M. King George V as Patron, the Prince of Wales has just joined, and now our Skipper has been appointed Chief Consul of Cheshire.—The C.T.C. should now prosper.

As Others See Us.

Extract from Polytechnic C.C. Gazette:—"The Anfield B.C. turn out and help their record breakers in splendid style. In Turnor and Webb's recent '24' tandem ride they recorded over 60 checks, and the schedule was a work of art and most accurately made out, and ridden too. The difference at the end of the 24 hours was an excess of 7½ miles on the schedule distance. They ride 381½ miles, which strangely enough is the exact distance ridden by Thomas in the N.R. '24.'"

Congratulations to Jim Park, who has recently accepted an important position ashore; also to the A.B.C., who will now see him much more frequently.

Cohen writes as follows:—"I wish to thank all who so willingly offered to, and did assist me during my unsuccessful attempt on the trike '12.' If my riding powers had only been half so good as the help I received, a successful ride would surely have resulted."

Turnor and Webb's Tandem Record has now been "hall-marked" by both the R.R.A. and N.R.R.A., and the distance passed at 381½ miles.

In the April Circular we enquired for W. E. S. Foster's present address, as letters correctly addressed had been returned by the Post Office; he is still at the address given in the Handbook and desires to be remembered to all the boys.

The Stiperstones.

On the occasion of my first visit to Bishops Castle, a good many years ago now, I remember being warned to on no account take the *direct* road but to be sure and make for Minsterley; and on our Coronation and Easter Shrewsbury tours the Club has always scheduled this route, which has also been followed by the parties going to Bishops Castle on Whit Sunday. Under ordinary circumstances this would have been sufficient to compel me to try the direct route on some occasion to see what its terrors really were, but on one Easter Tour Charlie Keizer and Buck on a Humber Trimco took the Stiperstones route *by mistake*, and arrived at Bishops Castle very late with hair raising accounts of their experiences, the chief of which was a description of a village with precipitous descent into it, a watersplash at the bottom, and a precipitous ascent out of it, which the Trimco could not be got out of as it progressed pendulum fashion! This decided me that the warnings were wise, and I rubbed the Stiperstones route off my map. However, this year after tackling mountain passes that do not possess roads within the meaning of the Act, I began to realize that motor cycles were somewhat feeble in the Trimco days, and that perhaps the Stiperstones route *might* not be so black as it was painted after all; so one bright Sunday morn I left Bishops Castle to tackle the proposition, and the purport of this article is to advise others to fear not, but go and do likewise, for the route contains no terrors, and is no more arduous than the longer Minsterley route. On the score of scenery *throughout* the Minsterley route is certainly the finest, for the Stiperstones road has no glorious Hope Valley, and the last few miles from Longden into Shrewsbury are somewhat tame, but the panoramic view from the summit above Castle Pulverbatch is supremely superb, and the gradual climb up the Onny Valley is very little less enchanting than the Hope Valley. Leaving Bishops Castle by an excellent road to Lydham Heath and leaving More and Norbury a little to the left, I was soon at the foothills near Wentnor with the long ridge of the Longmynd close to my right, and the River Onny alongside the road on my left, but the climb was so well graded with the road crossing and re-crossing the river amid perfect scenic surroundings, that I wondered when the real work would begin. Beyond Ratlinghope the road got a bit rougher as it emerged from the region of trees, but I reached the summit, 1062 feet, without any serious effort, and the view was so magnificent that it compelled a dismount for a pipe, even though there was no convenient hostelry. Thence the descent to Castle Pulverbatch ensued, and it may at once be admitted as steep, but its very steepness makes it "short and sweet," so that even going South there would only be a few hundred yards to walk. In the village I found the Keizer-Buck watersplash still doing business, but there is a footbridge at the side, although being on a trike I had to ride through it, and the hill in front of me proved a delusion, for it was nothing like as steep as it looked. Had I been on a bicycle I should have probably made no attempt to ride it, but with a tricyclist's constitutional objection to getting out of the saddle until compelled I started to "ride as far as I could," and was agreeably surprised to find that "there was nothing in it," and from the top all was easy plain sailing into Shrewsbury, with only

the comparative tameness of the last few miles to complain about. That this dreaded Stiperstones route should no longer be avoided like the plague is my desire, and that I have good grounds for whitewashing its evil reputation may be illustrated by the fact that I left Bishops Castle at 9-45 with the intention of taking all morning for the job, but notwithstanding the easy pace I rode at (with a view to keeping something in hand for the "saucy bits" that never appeared) and my stop at the summit, I reached Salop so early that I jogged along easily, with two stops to fill up tanks, and reached Chirk for dinner at 1-15, and could comfortably have made Ruabon had I desired.

W.P.C.

Fine Cycling Feat—Buxton to Chester Record.

We are indebted to Carpenter for a cutting from the "Cheshire Observer," of September 13th, recounting the magnificent performance of Mr. Alexander Warden in setting up a record of *exactly* 2½ hours for the 52 miles from Buxton to Chester "on an ordinary pedal machine." Carpenter seems to think that it "might interest any road club on the look-out for talent either in timekeeping or what?" The "Cheshire Observer" describes the speed as "equalling the rapidity of a powerful motor-car," and tells us that Mr. Warden "is 61 years of age—tall, well built, and of a soldierly appearance—blest with a physique of which a younger man would be proud." Mr. Warden, with becoming modesty, promptly reported the matter at the newspaper office on his arrival at Chester "clad in a blazer and white flannel trousers," and he explains the excellence of his time "mainly to the excellence of the Cheshire roads, which he considers ideally suited for cycling and motoring," although he was delayed by having to stop "to put on a glove to protect his right hand, which was becoming excoeriated through the roughness of the handle, after riding 37½ miles without dismounting." We should think Mr. Warden has evidently missed his vocation. No doubt if he had ridden in tights and not stopped to put his glove on, his time would have been exactly 2 hours. Certainly his methods make record breaking easy, for it must be most convenient to time yourself on your own oil can, and dispense with checkers. We hardly know which to admire most, Mr. Warden's capacity as a Baron Munchausen, or the "Cheshire Observer's" capacity for swallowing the yarn.

RUNS.

Whipping Stocks and 12 Hours' Tricycle Record Attempt, September 27th.

"'Tis not in mortal to command success" but all the men who were helping and following Lionel in Shropshire admit that he certainly deserved it. To be successful nowadays, in an attempt on record it is essential that conditions should be favourable. On this occasion one helper who was down in Shropshire stated that the roads at the start were like a mixture of tripe, blotting paper and porridge, so it will be readily understood that the effort required to try and "hold schedule" under these conditions must have been enormous. Harry Poole started our candidate for further record honours from Whitechurch Corner at 7 a.m. Schedule was very "hot" for the first stretch and Lionel was two minutes to the bad at Tern Hill. The loss was, however, only temporary, and after trundling down to Haughmond Corner and back to Shawbury (30 miles) he had made up his previous loss and gained a further two minutes. After making a circuit of the two triangles (large and small) and getting back to Shawbury (62 miles) the old gentleman with the sythe and egg boiler was nine minutes up on Lionel. When the century had been completed at Whitechurch the loss of nine minutes had been increased to twenty-two and the almost superhuman efforts of our Sub-Captain were telling their tale. The roads had by now much improved, but with a stiff easterly breeze to meet on the long stretch to Congleton and the diminution of power consequent upon Lionel's previous

exertions the chance of success was pretty hopeless, though he still stuck to his guns. When Nantwich was reached the loss had been reduced to twenty minutes, but at the Waggon and Horses (128 miles) this loss had been increased to thirty-five minutes and our hero decided to desist. It was the unanimous opinion of those on the route that "there was nothing wrong with the man," and we have such a high opinion of Cohen's riding powers and his pluck and perseverance that it is safe to predict that he will gain further record honours in the near future. Our club has always been famous for its tricycle riders, and in Cohen we have a man who will worthily uphold the honour and prestige of the club on the broad gauge machine.

As usual upon occasions of this sort, the members and friends of the club rose to the occasion and did all that they could to bring the ride to a successful conclusion. With the curtailment of duties of the checkers and helpers, owing to the discontinuance of the ride the muster for tea at the Whipping Stocks reached the respectable total of twenty-five, and this number would have been increased if three members who were present had been able to wait for the meal. When tea had been disposed of, quite a party adjourned to Lionel's Headquarters at the Royal George, Knutsford. Some of the party remained for the night, whilst others, after chatting over the events of the day, went homewards. C.H.T.

Aldford, October 4th.

A dull and threatening morning gave place to a typical autumn afternoon—warm, bright and with little wind—such as makes the call of the wheel irresistible to the enthusiast. So that one might have expected that the accommodation at the "Grosvenor" would have been strained to its utmost. But it wasn't; not to put too fine a point on it, there was plenty of elbow room, for no more than 14 sat down to tea.

Cook and Band had worked an uneventful passage by Queens Ferry, Wrexham and Farndon, the latter place being also favoured "en passant" by Bentley. Edwards came by way of Widnes and Frodsham, and Mac and the two Subs direct. James and Worth and T.W.J. were also out, the last-named having assisted on his way at another athletic event. The Mullah and Young Green arrived on the tandem by way of most parts of Cheshire. It was Young Green's first experience in the stoke-hold, and he thought the experience rather a pleasant one; the Mullah, with his usual politeness, kept his opinion of the combination locked in his own bosom.

After tea the why and wherefore of the small attendance was discussed, but unfortunately no agreement was arrived at either as to the cause or as to the remedy. Perhaps the Hunts Cross fixtures, with the superior (?) means of transport available, will enable Mac to report a better average attendance for the year than seems likely at present.

The party broke up shortly after 8 p.m., the members wending their several ways homewards in twos and threes, according to the law of the A.B.C. Slight mist was found in the hollows, but the conditions otherwise were excellent. So favourable were they that one of the party managed to reach the Halfpenny Bridge before the toll-keeper had come on duty on Sunday morning and was thus unable to pay over the coin borrowed for the purpose. Now he lies awake o' nights thinking out a difficult problem—what ought he to do with the money?—return it to the generous lender, make a special visit to the toll-keeper and explain the circumstances or keep it himself?

Warrington, 11th October, 1915.

The weather, though fine, was rather inclined to be overcast, gloomy and damp in places; and as some of the "Circular Tour" disciples also reported they'd had a few patches of fog, so perhaps this is the reason why

only 21 true and trusty brothers managed to muster at the Patten Arms when the roll was called at 6 p.m.

Notwithstanding the above, all the members who rode out reported that the "going" was O.K. and that they'd had excellent passages.

The main part of the "B" Division, consisting of the writer and three other weather-beaten, all-the-year-round smokers took the direct, non-stop route from Liverpool, and did the passage quite comfortably in 23 minutes without the slightest exertion.

Amongst those who came out solely per manual power was Binns, and we were all very pleased to see him back amongst us again.

The business of the evening was successfully attended to, the only point where improvement might be made, being, that the Patten people seem very reluctant to allow the apple-tart and the cheese to both appear (or rather disappear) at the same time.

After the usual smoke and chat, most of the members commenced to get under way again about 7-30 p.m. thus bringing to a close a very enjoyable fixture.

A later report is to the effect that one of the "B" Division returned to Liverpool in one of the *Great Central Tri-cars*.

Pulford and Llangollen, October 18 and 19.

Beautiful weather favoured the run to Pulford, and 23 members attended, with the welcome addition of our friend Murphy, from Dublin. Those who continued on to Llangollen were Cohen, Rowatt, Toft, H. Poole, Williams, Sunter, Cooper, Cook, Murphy, Bentley, Venables, McCann, Koenen, J. Seed and S. J. Buck, the total being completed by Morris, Edwards, J. C. Band, Turnor, E. Green, H. Green, Royden, Worth and Stephenson.

Good progress was made with the plain tea, especially at the "juvenile" end of the table, and for fear Professor Toft should commence to select victims for the billiard "twelve," some of us got on with it for Llangollen. We soon realised we were in the country where only poor men are, for nearly everyone we hailed answered to the name of George. We, i.e., the touring party, stopped at Ruabon for a breather after our somewhat strenuous exertions, and were joined before leaving by Venables and Zambuck, and later by Murphy and Cook on a matrimonial tandem, who, with McCann, had been paced from Pulford by F.H. The tourists on arrival at the "Hand" at the time fixed for supper discovered that Mrs. Shaw had allocated rooms to each one as they arrived, and as there were not enough to go round two of the last comers had unfortunately to sleep out in spite of several of the members doubling up. From this it will be gathered that we were a large party. In addition to those above mentioned it included H. M. Buck who, with a friend, had walked from Ruabon, and from Manchester a large party had previously arrived by the aid of three cars—Carlisle, Crowcroft, Marchanton and ten friends, so that we numbered 30 all told. The samples of foodstuff, called supper, disposed of, some of us made a move for the billiard room, and a four hander started. We will draw a curtain over the game, as the marker did to the tables before he demanded 1/- garage.

The Houses of Parliament had but a comparatively short sitting, and night caps were early adjusted and beds located. We mostly slept well, thanks doubtless to the good wishes sent per p.c. from Mercer from Boulogne sur Mer.

Sunday morning was gloriously fine, and after breakfast we all departed, the Master via Corwen, Bala and Cerrig for Ruthin, Cooper's car party via Corwen, Poole and Co. and the cyclists travelling via Llandegla. Murphy,

Cook and McCann took the Horseshoe, and McCann added his name to the list of those who have ridden from Llangollen to the top. The tourists rode via the old road—until the Zambuck came off. Brakes were the order when the top was reached, a strong following breeze having sprung up and an easy run followed to the "Amber Bright" hostel, where Ven. left us. After a short stay, we travelled on—ever on—down the Nant-y-Garth pass, which looked grand but a bit green for mid October, presumably due to the late summer, and into Ruthin Square, to be greeted by Mr. and Mrs. Owen at the Castle. Tegid Owen had come specially over from Cerrig to see us and informed us that the road between his hotels will be in A1 condition for next Easter. The Manchester motorists had called in passing to remind them that we were coming, and the lunch was great, in spite of an odd fly or two. The Skipper and Webb, who had ridden per tandem from Manchester since breakfast, called in and had a bite with us just to keep them going, and so we numbered 16, as H. M. Buck and his pal did not include Ruthin in their Sunday's walk. After lunch we had some trouble in massing for Murphy to deliver to us a little speech, and, of course, he snapped at the tandem record pair also. A move was then made for Mold, and Mac, who was evidently out for blood, made another non-stop run. With the wind still behind when the Bwlch was climbed, the rest was a walk-over. One of the sights was Uncle on a free wheel tandem—the tints were quite forgotten when he and Murphy drifted down the slopes. A halt was made at the "Black Lion" to inspect a novel levelling device adopted by one F.H. for his machine—comments were mostly favourable. The Juvenile and Zambuck here left us for Queen's Ferry, and I hear they reached home quite early, whilst the thin red line paddled along to the "Talbot" at Chester for tea, continuing afterwards to Hinderton to enquire about the odds. Just to make us appreciate the gloriously fine weather we had so far enjoyed, it rained in torrents as we reached Birkenhead. So ended the 1913 Tints Tour, and may we have as fine weather again next year.

Newburgh, October 25.

Newburgh is not a particularly favourite run of mine, but we have several members living on the Southport line, and it is not too much to give them two fixtures a year on their own door-step, seeing how well they support them. As a matter of fact there was a slight shower at 2 o'clock, and being always ready with an excuse for not turning out I was thus provided with an excellent one, and settled down (to show my keenness for the open road) to read "The Motor Maid," but like "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" and "Sinister Street," it was "banned," for Johnny of that ilk came and dug me out, and we caught the 3 o'clock boat. The streets of Liverpool were "clamp and dammy," and I was very thankful I was on three wheels. How Johnny stuck up in Victoria Street I know not, but after a perilous voyage during which we were chased by Blackledge's super-juggernaut along Kensington, we eventually reached the "Eagle and Child" to find the macadam roads in perfect condition, and a most enjoyable ride ensued, and I was glad I had been persuaded to turn out. Between Rainford and Bickerstaffe we overtook Cohen and Stephenson, and a terrific scrap at $4\frac{1}{2}$ m.p.h. was the result. At one corner Cohen "went for six" as a result of a difference of opinion as to the right road, but we reached Ollerton (not P.O. but Richard at the sign of the Plough) and decided to chuck the run. Still it was not to be, for just as we had made ourselves comfortable those lads Knipe and Cody on a tandem came and insisted on our going to Newburgh, and there was no help for it. So we got on with it, and climbing the Giant's Hall precipice we sighted Bentley, Toft and Theakstone sailing up easily on their low gears. Bentley's was 54, but I fancy Toft and Theakstone were geared lower! At last we arrived at the "Lion Rouge" to find Grimshaw, Worth and Edwards (via Preston and Standish) and later on were joined by Hawkes, Mercer and McCann. Mac

had been touring in the Lakes for three days, and had scrapped from Bowness to attend the run, thereby shortening his holiday. Tea was a good bit late, and there was no fire in "la salle à manger," while the attendance was slack, but we soon got warm when we got our feet in the trough, and the food was excellent—especially the vegetables. Afterwards we all sat round the fire downstairs and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. Theakstone's method of measuring distances "three hours 30 miles" was approved of, and we were all glad to have him out at an ordinary run on a bicycle after $8\frac{1}{2}$ years total abstinence. Then we began to think about home, and in a body we barged off, Grimshaw for Preston, Worth into the unknown, Bentley, Theakstone, Toft and Mercer by the Ormskirk route, Knipe, Cody and Edwards via Stanley Gate, and the rest via Rainford. The latter party broke up at the "Farmers' Arms," and Hawkes deserves a certificate for the way he negotiated the greasy tramlines of town. From the above it can be reckoned that owing to the strong support of the Committee and our Northern section we mustered fifteen.

W.P. Sea.

Mobberley, October 25.

This might be called the first Manchester section run of the Winter season, and to show their appreciation of the committee's action in giving them alternative runs, the Manchester men turned out in force and rallied round their Captain.

It is a pity that the account of this run could not truthfully start in the above manner. The true facts of the case are that the total muster who sat down to an excellent tea was four, consisting of the two Greens, L. Oppenheimer and the Mullah.

The main topic of conversation indulged in by this quartet was the great meeting of protest to the action of the Manchester Coroner, which has been called by the Manchester D.A. Committee of the C.T.C.

Professor Green, having assembled his machine hurriedly for the jaunt, had failed to put mudguards on and consequently had to submit to a fair amount of good natured chaff about his speed propensities.

The party broke up early, Professor Green going to join the Cheadle C.C. at the Stocks, L. Oppenheimer going home and Young Green and the Skipper going to Knutsford to fraternize with the Manchester Wheelers on the occasion of their closing run.

C.H.T.

S. J. BUCK,

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER, 1913.

	Light up at
Dec. 6.—Hunts Cross (Hunts Cross Hotel)	4.53 p.m.
.. 8.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
.. 13.—Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	4.51 p.m.
.. 20.—Warrington (Patten Arms)	4.52 p.m.
.. 26.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon). Dinner at 1.30 p.m.	4.55 p.m.
.. 27.—Moreton (Farmer's Arms)	4.56 p.m.

Alternative Run for Manchester Members:—

.. 27.—Marton (Davenport Arms)

Full Moon, 13th instant.

Committee Notes.

16, Croxteth Grove,
Liverpool.

Mr. A. Warburton, Shady Nook, Vale Road, Bowdon, Altrincham, was elected an Active Member at the last Committee Meeting.

New Addresses.

C. H. Woodroffe, 71, St. Michael's Avenue, Belgrave, Leicester; W. M. Owen, Bryn Maelog, Menai Bridge, N. Wales; W. J. Neason, De Dion Bouton, 1907, Ltd., Edgware Road, Cricklewood, London, W.; S. Irving, 415, Parry Street, Victoria, B.C.

The usual Boxing Day Dinner will be held at Knutsford. Two meeting places have been fixed, viz., for the Liverpool members at Broad Green (Abbey Hotel), leaving at 10 a.m. sharp, and for the Wirral members at Clatterbridge, leaving at the same time.

Invitations to be represented at the Annual Dinners of the North Road C.C., the Bath Road Club and the Polytechnic C.C. have been received and Mr. E. Bright has agreed to represent us at the latter. It is hoped that the Club will be represented at the other two also.

The name of G. E. Carpenter was omitted from the Prize List in the last Circular. He comes seventh on the List.

F. D. McCANN, Hon. Secretary.

MEMS.

Invitations have been received from the Speedwell B.C., the Bath Road Club and the North Road C.C. for their Annual Dinners, and we are indebted to Messrs. A. G. White and W. J. Neason for their promises to represent us at the two latter respectively. We would have been represented at the Speedwell B.C. Dinner also had Mr. Carpenter been able to be at home the week-end it is to be held.

We also were invited to the Polytechnic C.C. Dinner, held on 22nd November, when Mr. Bright represented the Club.

Mr. Sam Irving has removed from Vancouver and now resides at 415, Parry Street, Victoria, B.C. He sends "hearty greeting to all old friends in the A.B.C."

The Treasurer begs to thank those members who responded to his invitation to pay up and look pleasant. There are still just a few who have done neither yet; will they kindly signify in an appropriate manner to 109, Moscow Drive?

H. W. Keizer has undertaken to see that we are entertained at Hunt's Cross this month, and this bare reminder will be doubtless sufficient to ensure a full house.

Carpenter in a letter to Mac early in November, written from Dublin, says that residing in Birmingham he is cut off from the A.B.C. to an almost painful degree, but he does not fail to take his bicycle whenever compelled to spend a week-end away from home amid pastures new. Ireland is evidently somewhat new (although methinks I remember reading of a strenuous ride of his in County Dublin a year or two back), and the following extract from a more recent letter makes interesting "copy." "The Sunday after . . . I put in 90½ miles on absolutely wet and muddy roads in County Antrim, through fine scenery, Glenariff and the coast road, via Larne, etc. The most remarkable experience was that I did not see a single motor-bicycle and but two cars (one at a standstill) the whole journey. Yet there was no rain after the very early morning and the temperature was pleasant . . . What a happy place is Ireland for the winter tourist, if he does not mind a bit of wet."

Extract from daily papers, various dates and at long intervals:— "The transporter bridge between Widnes and Runcorn will be reopened to the public *next week*." Perhaps it will be working when next *year* arrives. Perhaps not!

Errata.

Frequently mistakes serve a useful purpose, and I console myself with the reflection that perhaps the mistakes I made in the "Stiperstones" article in last month's Circular may have added interest thereto, judging by the amount of conversation it aroused at Hunts Cross. Writing purely from memory, I referred to "Charlie Keizer and Buck on a Humber Trimmo" taking "the Stiperstones route *by mistake*," but in the interests of historical accuracy this must be corrected, for it was Charlie Keizer and George Theakstone who were the victims of the episode in 1905. The only connection H. M. Buck had with the incident was his recording in his Secretarial Report for that year that "The only Trimmo was a little bit late it is true, having taken an easier (?) way over the Stiperstones. The passenger spoke very feelingly of his experiences on his arrival at Bishop's Castle." Exception has been taken to the title given to the article, which is, of course not strictly accurate, but what better short title that would attract attention could have been used? The road runs between the Long Mynds and the Stiperstones with a magnificent view of the latter, and it is

certainly known in Club circles as the Stiperstones road or the Stipersiones route, as the above quotation shows, without any confusion of ideas that a road literally crossing the Stiperstones is meant. Indeed, we have the same sort of thing perpetuated in our route cards for races which give incorrect names of places for convenience, and I am sure very few of us know that what we conveniently call "Ercall Corner" would be much more accurately called "Cotwall Corner." So if I had used the partly more correct title of "The Onny Valley" perhaps few would have known where it was, or been attracted to read the article, and as the Easter Circular of 1905 described the Ratlinghope-Castle Pulverbatch-Longden route as "very heavy and rather uninteresting," I felt justified in using a title that everyone would recognize in my attempt to whitewash its evil reputation.

W.P.C.

RUNS.

Hunts Cross, November 1st.

One Hunts Cross run is so very like another that it is difficult to find anything to say about it. The green lanes leading thereto have mostly been explored, and are getting fairly well known, so there is little to say on that score. My own way lay along the left-hand bank of the silvery Mersey, which lay shimmering in the light of the November sunset. After refreshing myself with next to nothing at the two Cairns hostels, the shimmering had disappeared, and I arrived in time to see the feast spread, and on either side of it two ravenous lines of the hungry and thirsty, the total being the satisfactory number of forty and three.

The roast and boiled were attacked on top gears, and in double quick time the President was calling our attention to one of the best programmes we have had at Hunts Cross, although it proved on the holy and sorrowful side, and very short of fireworks. Very little time also was allowed to pass the time of day with Monsieur le Capitaine or hear anything of the Lion Rouge, the Isle of Man, or Isle of Wight parties, as the following "extracts" from the programme prove.

Mr. Seanor opened with a few selections from "The Bohemian Girl" and Mr. Chaloner followed with "The Floral Dance," and as an encore "I fear No Poe," later singing "The Last Watch" and "Phil the Fluter's Ball." Mr. Thomas during the evening gave us "Come into the Garden Maud," "Ailsa Mine," "My Little Grey Home in the West" and "Love is Mine," whilst he and Mr. Chaloner joined forces in two duets—"Love and War" and "Flow Gently Deva." Our old friend—Mr. Joe Andrews—upon being ordered by the majority of the members present to get on his feet, sang for us "Glorious Devon," being assisted in the repetition of the chorus by the whole of the Glee party. As an encore he gave "The Devout Lover." But the Club was not unrepresented upon the platform. Dear Old Chem gave, with soft timidity—the flush of virgin terrors mantling in a blush on his rosebud cheeks—"Coming Home," followed by "The Poor old Bachelor" (bringing tears to the eyes of the Burgomaster and Sunny Jim) and afterwards what he remembered of Evans's Dog Hospital.

Cecil, late of the Isle of Wight, gave a very effective soothing song; I didn't quite get the title, but it would probably be "Sleep, Darling, Sleep."

Thomas Walter John's humorous objections to the October *Circular* were followed by some funny stories, which are not the best that he knows, but, like Gaby Deslys, just now he was very careful.

The best turn of the evening was a duet by Chem and Hubert entitled "How to miss the 9.5," which was most successful. And then the second house began, during which Messrs. Chaloner and Thomas sang two duets—"Watchman what of the Night," and "The Moon hath raised."

To Cotter, and through him, to his friends, our thanks are due for the splendid concert. It is, I believe, the first time we have had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Chaloner and we sincerely hope it will not be the last.

H.M.B.

Chester, November 8th.

A run to Chester does not call for much excitement in the way of any untoward incident. Saturday morning did not promise well, even for so short a run as Chester, but about mid-day the weather became remarkably fine, and when I set out it was under a clear sky and in brilliant sunshine. I went out direct by the lower road, and unfortunately met no one. Cook and Band took a turn around Wrexham. I do not think the change to "Ye Bull and Stirrup" has done the Anfield any harm. If there was any cause for complaint it was due to the delay of about twenty minutes for the meal. The tea was very good, and there was plenty for all, which I think is the main point with a hungry Anfielder. The room bears very favourable comparison with many other places to which we have runs, and I think the change was looked upon favourably by all who attended. A good two hours was spent around a blazing fire by most of the Liverpool men, and also the Mullah, Webb and Green Minor. Teddy Worth and James, who were week-ending, left early. I think it was about 9.30 before the crowd thought of making for home. About eight cyclists took the top road and the ride was delightful. The roads were quite dry and a full moon added to the pleasure. Everybody seemed to be in excellent spirits and the run was enlivened by the rendering of a duet by Cook and Bentley. Something very classical, nothing common or ribald; I believe it was one of the latest from the Argyle. We all finally reached our respective domiciles, although some delay was caused by Mac's bicycle, which was slowly but surely coming to pieces, shedding parts all the way to Liverpool. We finally left the Secretary and Cook looking for the grip off the handlebar on the Storeton Road. I think it behoves the Secretary of a Club of the standing of the Anfield to attend with a wheel that is not given to moulting.

C.F.H.

Halewood, November 15th.

The wily Editorial Fellow, after a harrowing tale of his week's work and the gloomy outlook before him, suddenly says—"By the way, *will* you write the account for me, there's a good chap." You are so unstrung by his pitiful tale that you've said "yes" before you realise it. Of course we all know what a busy post the Editorship is, else why should we pay him such a huge salary? Still, what's all this to do with coming out in long trousers?

There was a fairly big crowd out; I have no figures, but I noticed that all the officials were out with the exception of Mac, and he was unavoidably detained in town. Meeting Larkin, I expect. I know it had something to do with Dublin.

Five Manchester men—one a new one—was very good considering the distance they had to come on a not too favourable day.

It was, as usual, a somewhat tight fit upstairs, but the select party in the smaller room appeared to be enjoying life with more bodily comfort. The grub ran a bit short, but the hostess made amends as well as she could by cooking some steak, &c., to help to feed some of the hungrier ones. One or two seemed to appreciate this very much. It saved one member's life to my knowledge.

Tea shifted, the party sat around in small groups and discussed life in a very foggy atmosphere. The conversation turned on all manner of topics; it bounded from Larkin, Trades' Unionism, Sweated Wages, Boer War, Nationalisation of Railways, shortest way to Cronton, &c. All were thoroughly discussed, until men began to stroll casually downstairs by twos

and threes and wander into the Chapel or Tank, according to their inclinations. In the Chapel, the usual game was in progress, and members were made "Jolly Good Fellows"—at ruinous prices (for the House). Talk of sweated wages!

Conversation now turned to the dark ages, and very interesting it was too. '85 was quite modern to some of them. After a time (and some beer) the Manchester men and some of the earlier of the Liverpool birds made a start, the former taking the nearest (?) way to Cronton and Warrington, as the Transporter people had not kept to their contract with us.

Pedestrians and Rattler merchants went next, and eventually (after more beer) the last band—the real hardy Anfielders, known as the H.R.A. the backbone of the Club, the elite, the—well anyway they went out into the howling night and pushed home manfully against the gale—that is those who had not the sense to have it behind them. G.S.

Dave Fell, who was one of the 28 at Halewood, had not been to a Club run there for 21 years (there was a lapse of 18 years between our visits).

During tea a post card wishing Bentley "a speedy and complete recovery" was circulated and signed by everyone, as we were all sorry to learn that his indisposition had reached a climax sufficiently severe to necessitate the services of Douglas Crawford. I believe he is now making good progress towards recovery.

Warrington—Tarporeley, November 22nd.

With glorious weather it was somewhat surprising that this fixture did not attract better support, but the B division entirely failed us, and all the 22 who sat down to tea had come by road. Those who arrived early had the pleasure of seeing Jack Siddeley, who was en route for Pleasington, near Blackburn, and did not forget where the run was. There seemed to be some difference of opinion as to whether the Prescott or Cronton routes provided the most motor improvements, and perhaps the safest thing to do when asked which is the better road is to refuse to reply on the grounds that whichever route is followed the querist will regard you as a liar. Band solved the problem by returning via Chester over roads that were excellent beyond Daresbury, and Edwards had secured decent going by coming out via Parbold and Wigan. Three of our Manchester men avoided Warrington's bad paving by the simple expedient of leaving their machines at Latchford and taking the tram, which plan had several things to recommend it. After tea the week-end party set off for Tarporeley, and when once the greasy heights of Stretton had been surmounted, a most delightful and easy ride ensued. With a stop at Cuddington, Tarporeley was reached at 9-30, and a warm welcome and hot pot were found waiting. Sunday was a brilliant day, and after saying goodbye to the Mullah, who had to be home early, the rest of the party took to the lanes via Birch Heath and the hairpin canal bridge to Beeston Castle and Peckforton, where the scene of desolation caused by the recent cyclone quite beggars description. One would never have thought such tremendous upheavals ever occur in England, but there were giant trees uprooted wholesale, with tons of earth displaced, and the less resisting trees were stripped as clean as telegraph poles. Thence we proceeded to Sourstow and Bunbury to photograph the ancient church before going on to Cholmondeley and Malbas, where an excellent lunch was partaken of at the Wyvern Arms Hotel. After lunch we rode via Tilston, Barton, Aldford and Eaton Park to Chester, where a call was made at the "Bull and Stirrup," and Hinderton reached for tea. Here Jack Seed pushed on to get home early, and the small party broke up after a most enjoyable week-end which only makes one wonder why so few took advantage of the prevailing ideal conditions.

W.P.C.

Hinderton, November 29th.

Twenty-three members sat down to the usual beef, rabbit-pie and carrots, etc., at the Shrewsbury Arms, and quite a fair proportion—at least half-a-dozen—had walked out. As in addition, one or two men had travelled out by the rattler, and another party of three by car, half, or as nearly as possible half, were wearing long trousers. Among the pedestrians was E. Prichard, whom the writer had not seen at a Club fixture for a long time. Hawkes and Edwards were the last arrivals, and though each had just ridden from Chester on his own, they had been so close together that they had not settled, up to the time I departed, which of them left Chester first. After tea, pipes were lit and the usual conversations were soon in full swing, but nothing exciting occurred before I left. There were then only a few remaining, the majority having already barged off in twos or threes by various methods of locomotion, but I trust to one common destination—home.

Knutsford, November 29th.

The support of the Manchester fixtures is improving. On the last Manchester run, which was to Mobberley, there was an attendance of four, whilst there were 13 (the Anfield lucky number) at Knutsford. One of the 13, referred to above (Mr. Peter Forrest, of the Cheadle C.C.), was not a member, but he was none the less welcome on that account, and he helped to swell the numbers of an already jovial party. It is not difficult to discover why the Knutsford run proved so much more popular than that to Mobberley—the reason would appear to be twofold. On the occasion of the Mobberley fixture the Cheadle C.C. held "High Levée" at the Whipping Stocks, and as several of our members are also attached to that rival organization, they were drawn away by the counter attractions. In the case of the Knutsford run the Cheadle fixture synchronized with our run and consequently a large proportion of those present were enabled to put in a run with both clubs. The second reason for the increased attendance was caused by the persuasive efforts of the Captain, who made a request either verbally or in writing to all likely participants. It would appear that the presence of the Lowcocks, F.H. and the Smart Set, is an undoubted draw, and if it is not possible to shake these gentlemen in their allegiance to the Cheadle, they must be prevailed upon to fix the destination of the Cheadle run to the place already chosen by the A.B.C., for by that means our members will not be deprived of the pleasure of their company.

On the outward journey, Young Green was overtaken by a motor cyclist, who, though Green did not know him, acted the part of the Good Samaritan and gave Green the benefit of his more powerful light. Before getting to Knutsford, Green dashed up alongside to say goodnight, and to explain that he was taking the next turn left. Green's surprise was great when the motor cyclist not only turned left but made his way to the "Eldon," and dismounted in the yard. The kind-hearted motorist was none other than our own F.H.

S. J. BUCK,

Editor.

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